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WITH * * * THE THIRTEENTH MINNESOTA

BY JOHN BOWE

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With the 13th Minnesota

In the Philippines

BY

JOHN BOWE

"Ah! when the wanderer, lonely, friendless,
In foreign harbors shall behold
That flag unrolled,
'Twill be as a friendly hand
Stretched out from his native land,
Filling his heart with memories sweet and endless."

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

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Dedication.

To those comrades in the Minnesota Regiment with whom it was my good fortune to be associated, this book is respectfully dedicated by the author.

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PREFACE

THIS BOOK is written from the diary of a private soldier, who desires to commemorate the deeds of the American soldier in the Philippines, and who has tried to write facts as they were rather than smooth over and make more readable the harsh incidents of the soldier's life. It has no official sanction and is not published by permission of the officers of the regiment, but if accepted and found worthy of your perusal, it may show the soldier's life as it was and lead to a better understanding of the life of "The Boys in Blue."

THE AUTHOR.

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With the 13th Minnesota in the Philippines.

CHAPTER I.
CAMP LIFE IN MINNESOTA.

Minneapolis, Minn., April 2, 1898.

The Maine lies at the bottom of Havana Harbor, and hearing that we might possibly have a war with Spain, I went down to the Armory, on Eighth street, Minneapolis, to see what the boys thought about the matter. Got acquainted with Captain Diggles, of Company B, who declared that war was certain, and inquired why I did not enlist. Told him I would have no objection, provided the regiment went into active service, but would not care to enlist for garrison duty.

"Well," he replied, "you think it over and come around tomorrow and I'll fix you out."

I went around the next day and Corporal Rising grabbed me and said:

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"Captain told me about you. Come up and sign the roll."

So I wrote down my John Hancock, and was enrolled into Company B, First Regiment, N. G. S. M., and was fixed—plenty. Was then put through the foot movements by energetic national guardsmen, and next day was taken to the Quartermaster's Department, and told to fit myself out with a uniform. A number of men were there separating themselves from their civilian clothes and choosing others from a miscellaneous collection of old and new uniforms that were lying around. Being of a thrifty turn of mind I introduced myself to a new suit of regimentals, and thought they would be good enough to be killed in. They attracted the attention of a good looking fellow, who I afterwards learned was Private Smaby, who had just come up from Memphis to join the regiment and he was telling me the clothes fit like the paper on the wall, when the Quartermaster Sergeant, "Aunty Bates," came along and snapped out, "There you take off that suit and get into one of these old ones.'

Well, I supposed I had to obey, so I divested myself of the clothing, but kept my eye on it.

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Pretty soon a young man came in and Bates passed it over to him. As the clothes fitted tolerably well he kept them. I inquired the young man's name and found he was the Rev. John Dallam, a minister from Excelsior, so all hope of getting the suit being gone, I resurrected an old suit of rags that had formerly belonged to Joe Stracham, and from that time forward I was kept busy filling them out. We later paid three dollars per suit for these clothes; the men who got new suits got a bargain and those who did not, got it in the neck.

We lined up in front of the Armory and marched down to the Milwaukee Depot, from there to St. Paul, where, meeting the other companies of the Regiment, and after being reviewed by Governor Clough, we marched out to the State Fair Grounds, or Camp Ramsey. The man who marched alongside of me during the journey seemed to have quite a number of friends, for people kept calling out, "Hello, Jack," and "Good-bye, Jack," all along the route. My name was also Jack, and I had a friend or two also, so we were kept busy looking up and nodding at each other's friends whom we did not know, till we got tired, then

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we turned to and got acquainted. His name was Jack Newton, from Merriam Park. We became good friends, shared the same tent, drank from the same canteen, shared our joys and sorrows, pleasures and pains, greenbacks and graybacks. Even when he had the misfortune to be appointed Corporal we did not dissolve partnership, and two years later when we were reviewed in Minneapolis by President McKinley, we marched side by side. At Camp Ramsey, we were stabled in Stall 12, Barn B, along with Jack Huard, so Jack took our photos, hung them on the wall, and wrote underneath, "The Three Jacks."

Camp Ramsey, March 7.

Yesterday passed the medical examination, and today was mustered into Company B, Thirteenth Minnesota Volunteer Infantry, for a period of two years, or during the war. Of the one hundred and twelve men who marched to Camp Ramsey and were mustered into the United States Service as Company B, Thirteenth Minnesota, twenty-nine were from Company B, of the First Regiment, N. G. S. M. Of the twenty-nine, seventeen were commissioned

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or non-commissioned officers, and twelve were private soldiers, the balance of the company, eighty-five men, all private soldiers, were volunteers.

The boys raided the "blind pig" at the end of the street car line last night. Grabbed an armful of bottles and ran away and hid them in the commissary chest, and went back and got some more, and was coming along with a dozen under my arms, when I ran against a soldier who cried, "Halt!" I halted and started backward, accidentally dropped a bottle, which he stopped to pick up. I dropped a couple next time, and dodged around a corner and got away. I afterwards learned that he was not the regular sentry, but Susie Cornell, holding the boys up with a broomstick. That night the officers searched the stalls and kept such a sharp look-out that it was several days before we dared look at the chest, let alone drink any of the "stuff." One day Jack's father came over to see us and thinking to do honor to the occasion, we went to the chest and found it was empty. Those degenerate heathen in the Commissary Department, with the help of that son-of-an-army-cook, Skip Wilson, had drank it all.

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Camp Ramsey, May 16.

Last day in camp. The Y. M. C. A. gave the boys a lot of reading matter. About a hundred of them were gathered there most of the afternoon, singing hymns. Saw some sorrowful goodbyes that I do not care to write about. In the evening, we went on board the cars bound for San Francisco, via the Omaha and Union Pacific Route. We arrived at St. James in the middle of the night; the citizens were waiting for us with coffee and sandwiches. Four officers got left behind at Norfolk, Nebraska, but caught us by following on an engine. After that, a sentry was placed at each end of the car when we stopped, in order to keep the private soldiers in, but the officers were allowed to pass out. Going through Wyoming, we had one continual ovation, old veterans fired salutes, old ladies and children waved flags and sang, and the young ones threw kisses, whilst cowboys, Indians, Chinamen, shepherds and high school cadets vied with each other as to who should honor the soldiers most. From Colfax to San Francisco, we received treatment that will never be forgotten,—flowers, oranges, eatables, drinkables,

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and good wishes. All tried to make us feel welcome and at home, and I think they succeeded, for many of the boys would rather be here than at home.

CHAPTER II.

CAMP LIFE IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco, Cal., June 2, 1898.

We are camped at Camp Merritt, adjoining Golden Gate Park, San Francisco. The time is passed in teaching the awkward squad how to fill out their uniforms, eliminating civilian characteristics, and branding U. S. upon him so strong that it is not necessary to look at his uniform to see he is a soldier. In the evening, San Francisco moved up to camp. The street cars are crowded and nearly every lady carries a bunch of flowers, or a basket of eatables. I noticed that several of the old guardsmen received passes to go down town, so I went to Colonel Reeve and asked for a pass so that I could visit some friends. "How long have you been in the guard?" he asked. "About two weeks," I replied. "Well, there

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are men who have been in the guard two years who need drilling; you, doubtless, will also need it." So that night I had my first experience in running the guard line. Six men and a corporal were located in a tent, the corporal to keep cases on the private soldiers, and after taps the top sergeant went around with a lantern and checked off every man who was absent. Next day those got extra duty, were confined in the guard house, or received some other mode of punishment.

Camp Merritt, June 10.

Our regiment played the San Francisco boys a game of ball yesterday and got done up to a finish, 25 to 5. The band and an army of North Star rooters went along. Scallon was pitcher. In the evening, I heard Joe Hays say to him, "When did you learn to play baseball? You must have learned nowhere, seventy miles from no place, and the newspaper burned up before the people heard of it."

Camp Merritt, June 17.

The members of the Minnesota Regiment were the guests of the Porteous Club at the Mechanics' Pavilion last night. We went

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down in heavy marching order, marched inside the building, Watson's band in the lead, amid the excited plaudits of the people. Company A gave the manual of arms; Company C, the bayonet drill; Company D, the calisthenic drill, and Company I, the setting-up exercises. Then, we had guard mount and were inspected by General Merritt who complimented Colonel Reeve on the efficiency of the regiment. Then, we were turned loose at the tables where we filled the inside man from the outside with everything imaginable in the line of fruits, ice-creams, and other eatables and drinkables. After giving a Minnesota cheer for the Porteous Club, we marched back to camp.

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CHAPTER III.

AFLOAT ON THE PACIFIC.

June 26, 1898.

Not for glory nor for plunder,
But because of Freedom slain,
The sons of Freedom gather,
From the mountain and the plain,
To smite with sword and fire,
At the cruelty of Spain:
So we'll strike on land and sea.

Left "Camp Merritt" and went on board the "City of Para," bound for the Philippine Islands. The streets were crowded with people who gave us a royal send-off. It seemed impossible for the police to keep the crowd back from the wharf. Some of the ladies did not seem to care for the policemen, at all, but broke through anyway. The police finally stopped all chance for argument by closing the doors and keeping everyone out. Our friends managed to get through somehow, and brought us food and necessaries enough to last till we reached Honolulu. The "City of Para" belongs to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company

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and was hastily fitted up for a troopship. She has three decks; the upper, having state-rooms, was occupied by the officers; the middle by the band, hospital corps, and some choice selected non-coms; while on the lower deck, in long rows of bunks, three tiers high, with only width for one man to pass through, was the rank and file; alongside of each bunk was a small tin vessel to hold the occupant's contribution to the "God of the Angry Sea." We went down two decks and the sentry ordered us down to another one, the lowest in the ship. One man looked down and remarked to another soldier, "For God's sake, they are not going to put us down there? Why, it is not fit to put cattle down into that hole." Colonel Reeve overheard the remark and roared out, "Arrest that man and if he says another word put him in irons." The sentry marched the man away. I looked at the strong, wide face and heavy jaw, and recognized Dr. Beck*, of Company I, one of the most popular men in the regiment; he had vaccinated me at Camp Merritt. Later, saw him, when the American line was in front

*At the present time a practicing physician at Hanley Falls, Minn.

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of Caloocan, ride out in front of the firing line on horseback and take observations through his spy glass, whilst goo-goo bullets raised the dust all around him. He refused three different commissions to go into other regiments and was later in charge of our regimental hospital at Malate, and many of the boys owe their lives to him. Yet, now, he was under arrest, and at the close of the war was mustered out with the regiment as he went in,—a private soldier.

This is the third expedition to the Philippines and consists of the following boats: The "Newport," with General Merritt on board; the "Indiana," the "Ohio," the "Valencia," the "Morgan City," and the "City of Para." We stayed out in the stream a short time and were surrounded by innumerable small boats, yachts, and steamers, chief of which was a "San Francisco" newspaper boat, with the Fifty-first Iowa Volunteer band on board, serenading us, whilst every whistle was blowing, the cannon roaring, and men and women lined the shore and boats, waved their handkerchiefs and flags and wished us Godspeed. A number of the boats followed us to the mouth of the harbor, and on the last boat we saw a beautiful girl, with dark red

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hair, who stood on the prow of the small boat as it pitched up and down, energetically encouraging us onward. She later went to see the Montana Regiment away on the Pennsylvania and her presence had such an effect on W. H. Doyle, of that Regiment, that he dedicated the following lines to her:

THE GIRL WITH DARK RED HAIR.

The Pennsylvania slowly heaves
Its anchor from the brine,
This is the day Montana leaves
To help a cause divine,
And as we gently plow along,
When cheering rends the air,
We see among the eager throng
A girl with dark red hair.

She is bright as a morning star,
Fair in the light of day,
Cheering us on our way to war,
Out, far out, and away.
Standing, then, in a tow-boat's bow,
A vision sweet and rare,
The spray from off the plunging prow,
Touching the dark red hair.

As on the transport quickly flies,
And ill the wind behaves,
Regardless of our warning cries,
The dashing sea she braves.

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Drenched with the ever-rising spray
That sparkles in the air,
The center of that bright display,
The girl with dark red hair.

And by the world-famed Golden Gate,
Where bay and ocean meet,
We glide along to find our fate,
If it be slow or fleet.
In battle's strife, or on the wave,
Within our hearts we'll wear
An image sweet and fair and brave,
A girl with dark red hair.

As soon as we got outside the Golden Gate the trouble began. The boat commenced to rock, the boys to feed the fishes, and all our presents, pie, cake, shoes, etc., that were lying under our bunks, were washed into the scupper. On the second day, went on deck and looked down into the forecastle where the cook dished up the food. About twenty men, details from the different companies, each man with a pail of soup, or a five-gallon can of coffee, were trying to navigate when a swell struck the ship and they let go and grabbed anything or each other, till finally the black cook drove them out.

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Pacific Ocean, July 1.

The weather has cleared up and nearly all the boys are around again. On account of the poor ventilation and the black hole where we sleep being overcrowded, a large number of the boys sleep on deck without as much as a night-shirt between their bodies and the Southern Cross. During the day, the band was practicing in the front of the boat, the bugle corps in the rear; in the hospital, the doctors were pumping out a soldier who had swallowed a poisonous compound by mistake; in the kitchen, the black cook was roasting the boys who were shirking kitchen duty; in various parts of the ship, the soldiers were reading, singing, writing, quarrelling, or sleeping; whilst on the upper deck, a number of the boys were playing the good, old, seductive American game of draw poker.

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CHAPTER IV.

IN THE COUNTRY OF "QUEEN LIL."

Hawaiian Islands, July 5, 1898.

Dropped anchor in Honolulu Harbor this morning. The Hawaiian Government Band was on the wharf, playing American national airs. People are all about, brown and white, looking nice and clean in their ice-cream clothes. The ladies wear Mother Hubbards and throw their dresses around in a very dangerous manner. Native boys swam around the ship, diving for pennies, whilst everyone yelled out the Hawaiian word for welcome, "Melica Hi." We stayed at Honolulu three days and fell in love with the place and the people. Nothing was too good for the American. One drug store man kept his soda fountain running all the time, gratis, to soldiers. The Anglo-Saxon population invited us to their homes. The Waverly Club opened its doors to us, with reading matter, writing material, toilet-rooms, etc., and on the second day the whole regiment was marched up to the Queen's Palace and

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entertained to excess. Cocoanuts were there by the wagonload, soft drinks running a perpetual stream, and lovely girls were everywhere. Bandmaster Watson and Sergeant Hatcher were both sent to the hospital here. Watson died shortly afterwards, and Hatcher recovered, and, at present, is holding a political appointment, with offices in the Capitol Building, at St. Paul.

Hawaii has had a strenuous history. Captain Cook discovered the island in 1778 and made the natives believe he was a god. Being accidentally pricked by a spear, they saw the blood flow, knew he was human, so turned in and killed him. From that time till 1893, the native regime held sway, practicing sorcery and indecent rites. They sold the opium monopoly to one man and then turned around and sold it to another, getting money from both parties. They allowed lotteries to run, and missionaries to trade Bibles for land. Some Englishmen got an old king drunk and secured a street car franchise for a certain number of years, then put on some old omnibuses and antiquated mules and would not give any better service unless their franchise was entended

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thirty years. Expect soon to hear the Kanakas express the sentiment of the old negro when the first electric car was introduced into New Orleans: "The Union man come down, free de nigger. He now come down free de mule."

In 1893, the whites became alarmed and formed themselves into a committee of safety, and asked aid from the U. S. Cruiser Boston, which landed blue jackets. The monarchy was overthrown and a provisional government formed. Everything was in disorder when the American minister, John L. Stevens, hoisted the Stars and Stripes and guaranteed protection. Cleveland was president and sent Colonel Blunt to investigate the matter, with the result that the United States flag was lowered and American citizens had to bow their heads in shame before the descendants of the murderers of Captain Cook.

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CHAPTER V.
FROM HONOLULU TO PARÑAQUE.

"City of Para," July 24, 1898.

Buckland, bugler of Company E, died today from inflammatory rheumatism. The captain and the preacher came along. The hospital stewards worked the corpse into his uniform. Two sailors got some canvas and some old iron, sewed the body and iron inside the canvas, the preacher donned a black coat and a solemn face and read the burial service. Taps were blown by the bugler. The body slipped overboard, turning a somersault in the air, and inside of an hour all was over. Buckland was born on an English troopship, on the Mediterranean Sea, en route for India, and died on an American troopship, en route for the Philippines.

In the bunk underneath Buckland was an old Minneapolis friend of mine, Jim Vettenburg, now in Company L, who had the same complaint, rheumatism. He could not move hand or foot. When a fly or mosquito lit on

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his face, he could not "bat it away," and when Buckland was dying he had to lie there and listen to his groans. He finally got the hospital stewards to take him down to the company quarters, and there we would go down and visit him. He was one of the strongest men I ever knew. He measured forty-five inches around the naked chest, and now a baby had more strength than he had. Company L did not have any better quarters than the rest of us. There was scarcely any ventilation; the place smelled like a rabbit warren, and it was oppressively hot. We tried to get some ice water for "Jim," but could not. The officers, in their cool cabins in the upper decks, had ice water, and even had their beer on ice, but poor old "Jim," who, in civil life, received as much salary as the best of them, was now a private soldier, and had to lie in the lowest deck, sick, unable to move, and could not get a cool drink.

In the evening, a concert was given by the boys in the smoking-room on deck, where there is a piano. Varney was one of the singers and the last verse of his song was:

"Of bean-soup, hard-tack, and red-horse,
On shipboard we have had our fill,
For they tell us it's best, when that don't digest,
To take a compound cathartic pill."

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As the song expressed our sentiments exactly, we applauded loudly, and Tom Graham remarked, "It's a shame to waste wind on a song like that, he ought to be paid in beer checks." After that, the piano was covered with canvas and roped down.

We have had beautiful weather since leaving Honolulu. The food was bad and not enough to go around. Quarrels and complaints were as regular as the meal-times came around; the hold of the ship below the waist was full of army stores, but the hold of the man below the waist was empty, so they lost their grip. What some people call embalmed beef and others call canned beef is very unlike the article that is sold in America. This is in low, round cans, the meat is stringy and soupy, and quite frequently when the cans are first opened a gas escapes. A few of the cattle are alive yet, kept for the officers, and are fed carrots, which were stolen by the boys before the cows could eat them. So a guard was placed over the cows to see that the soldiers did not steal the carrots. A guard was also placed over the water we drank. It was salt water, distilled and was heated during the process. The men

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line up, one behind the other, and get the water as fast as it comes through the apparatus, quite hot. We tested it one day and found one hundred and twenty-two degrees of heat, seventy-two being the normal temperature. Jack and I used to slip down during the night and get a canteen full and hang it on the rigging to cool. One night, whilst climbing the mast, Corporal Beals ordered me down, said it was against the orders and that he would report me. A few days afterwards the company was lined up and lectured about talking back to non-commissioned officers. This one was so wise he ought to have been in America, teaching his grandmother how to take care of babies, yet did not know enough to take care of the men nor would he allow them to take care of themselves. The fresh meat was used by the officers, and, when it got maggoty, was given to the men, who made remarks as strong as the meat. Some of the colonel's language and threats will live long in the boys' memories, long after the inconveniences, temporarily suffered by the lack of good food, is forgotten.

The ice in the beer chest must have melted away, for, on the latter part of the journey, the

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boys were allowed to purchase half boiled beer to the extent of twelve bottles per company.

After passing the Ladrone Islands we saw an active volcano in operation; strong light was reflected in the heavens from this mammoth incubator and heavy columns of smoke rolled forth from the crater, but the pyrotechnic display would not do credit to an ordinary Fourth of July celebration in Minnesota.

CHAPTER VI.
THE SEAT OF WAR.

Manila Harbor, July 31, 1898.

We dropped anchor in Manila Bay and found the harbor well filled with army transports, gunboats, coalers, etc., whilst scattered around were to be seen the masts or upper decks of the Spanish battleships that Dewey had sunk on May 1. In front of these ships, in a straight line, facing Manila and the foreign warships, about twenty in number, were Dewey's little bull dogs, waiting for a chance to bark and bite. "The Star Spangled Banner" was flying over

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Cavite, whilst the fields beyond were as green as the Irishman's shamrock.

We heard the Americans and Spaniards fighting the whole night long and some of the boys were afraid the war would be over before we landed.

A number of native Cascas came flocking around the ship, selling fruit, etc. Mexican money went as far as gold; in fact, everything went, some of the boys sending down beer checks and identification tags and receiving fruit and, sometimes, good money for exchange.

John Sell, a member of Company G, mysteriously disappeared this afternoon, and, though diligent search was made all through the ship, no clue was ever found to indicate what had become of him.

Camp Dewey, Aug. 7.

After forty days on board the "City of Para," we got orders to disembark and proceed to Camp Dewey, having traveled the longest journey an army ever made. Twenty-two men not being able to walk, were sent to the Marine Hospital at Cavite, and then the boys com-

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menced to go ashore in the man-of-war's small boats. The sea was very rough and the waves would come and raise the boat to a level with the deck when the soldiers would step aboard. If they did not make the step at the time the boat was on the crest of the wave, they would have to wait till it came up again, as the boat would go down five or six feet with the wave. Some of them found it hard to make connections and Colonel Reeve stood there, cussing and swearing at the men, and using language that would make an old Mississippi steamboat captain turn green with envy. We were marched to Camp Dewey and camped in a peanut field. Remember waking up in the night and found the water following the peanut ridges and running down my back.

Next morning, got acquainted with an insurgent officer, who took me to his home, where I was introduced to two very good looking Mestizo women. They examined my clothes, silk handkerchief, ring and watch, and were commencing to feel my hair when I, not caring to pose as a freak, broke away. He, then, took me over to the insurgent quarters and here I saw the first signs of war; in one

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room where a dozen wounded Filipinos, their wounds wrapped in very dirty bandages, with flies crawling over the outside. In a corner was one man, out of his head, and four or five men were trying to hold him down, which simply had the effect of starting his wounds to bleed again. In the courtyard below, amongst a lot of filth, were six or eight Spanish prisoners, busy scratching themselves.

Aug. 11.

This morning we got orders to appear in light marching order, which, in this case, consisted of one hundred rounds of ammunition, a dozen hard-tack and a bold front; and were marched out to the trenches. Our location was opposite to and within three hundred yards of Spanish Block House No. 14, where we put in twenty-four hours, crawling in and out of trenches. If we got into a trench, the water would drown us out, and if we got out of it, the Spaniards would take a "pot shot" at us. It rained all the time we were at Camp Dewey. It was the wettest, muddiest, and most miserable camp that we had during the war. Under the circumstances, it was the best possible, and

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it was well for the men we did not stay there long. The food consisted of dessicated potatoes and hard-tack. On account of the everlasting kicking and complaining, we had great difficulty in keeping a company cook. It was amusing about meal-time to see the men come out to get their canary bird dinner. We were living in dog tents, two men in a tent. If a man had been on duty the previous night, his clothes would be lying outside in the rain and he would be cuddled up in a blanket. At meal-times, he would unroll from that and run out to the cook tent, and soon he would be seen coming back with some dessicated potatoes floating around in a platterful of water.

Whilst here, I was ordered to relieve Private John W. Ames, of Company I, from guard duty one day whilst he went and had a tooth pulled, which he had slivered by eating hard-tack. Hard-tack had such an effect on Fred Blake, of the Utah Battery, that he broke out into the following:

THE OLD ARMY HARD-TACK.

How dear to my heart are the war-time mementoes,
I've cherished in memory of sorrows and joys,
In the days when I tramped through the streets of Manila,

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And splashed through the mud with the rest of the boys,
I've a rusty old knife I never will part with,
An old campaign hat and a jacket of blue,
A battered canteen, and a haversack holding
Some squares of the hard-tack we all had to chew.

Chorus: The iron-bound hard-tack,
The mould-covered hard-tack,
The old army hard-tack we all had to chew.

There was hard-tack from wars of the past generations,
Which remained unconsumed till this late Spanish war,
'Tis rumored that some which defied mastication
Were marked "Civil War" or the stamp "B. C." bore,
What a triumph this is for the skill of the baker,
Indestructible product, defying time's tooth,
But it could not resist the assaults of our grinders,
The grinders we had in the days of our youth.

Chorus: There was 1812 hard-tack,
And '62 hard-tack,
The old army hard-tack we ate in our youth.

Oh, youth can make feasts of the coarsest of viands,
And never again shall we veterans feel
Such a zest in our lives as we felt in this late war,
When hard-tack sufficed to create a square meal,
And, though we may dine at more sumptuous tables,
We'd gladly exchange all the dainties they yield,
For the hearty enjoyment and youthful digestion
That seasoned the hard-tack we ate in the field,

Chorus: The bullet-proof hard-tack,
The petrified hard-tack,
The old army hard-tack we ate in the field.

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We were relieved by the North Dakotas next morning and marched back to camp through a beating rain, with hair all out of curl and toe nails crinkling in the water.

CHAPTER VII.
CAPTURE OF MANILA.

Manila, Aug. 13, 1898.

Reveille at 4:30; had a thin breakfast, then stowed away twelve hard-tacks, a canteen full of coffee, and one hundred rounds of ammunition, and started out to capture Manila. Of course, it was raining, but the rain in no way affected the enthusiasm of the soldiers, they had put ten thousand miles between themselves and home for the purpose of paying their little tribute to the memory of the Maine, and now was the time and here the place, so they relieved the North Dakotans in the trenches; about 9:30, the cannonading commenced and we were listening to the various sounds made by the different kinds of cannon when we got the order to go ahead. Captain Rowley, at the head of the company in his seven-league boots,

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went like a race horse; Lieut. Keiler ran alongside, keeping the boys together, "Come on, boys!" "Close up!" "Keep together!" As for myself, I made the best sprint possible—was afraid of getting left. Just through the trenches, we met two insurgents trotting back with another, wrapped in a blanket, slung on two sticks; at every jog they made, the blood spurted through the blanket. The Utah Battery boys were pulling their cannon through the trees with a long rope, after knocking a hole into Block House 14, which drove the Spaniards out. On reaching the corner near the little stone wall, we ran into such a hail of bullets that we got orders to lie down flat upon the road. Captain McQuade here got orders to take his company and support Captain McKelvey, who, with Company M, was scattered among the bushes, snipping away at the Spaniards in the trees and trenches immediately in front. Instead of obeying orders, Capt. McQuade, hugging the stone wall, replied that he was sick and could not go ahead. Lieut. Donaldson then jumped to the front and cried, "Come on, boys; follow me!" The company was shortly afterwards called back to

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dig intrenchments. The sick man grabbed a shovel and commenced to excavate for dear life. Bob Whyte, seeing the dirt flying, said to the convalescent, taking care to look at another man at the same time, "Work, old soldier, work." He was handed the shovel and kept so busy he had no time to make further remarks. Capt. McKelvey, with his hat stuck on one side, was having the time of his life, turning Spanish sharpshooters into aerial acrobats. He seemed to have been accustomed to that kind of business all his life, and didn't care whether he got any reinforcements or not. Major Bean got busy here; seeing us simple spectators, he had us dig intrenchments; then, we got orders to go to the next corner, which we did, passing a half dozen wounded, and Archie Patterson, dead, on the way. From here, we had orders to go back to Block House 14 to protect the flank and met thirty Spanish prisoners and one Philippine soldier, waving a white flag, coming in smiling and bowing and eating hard-tack. The firing diminished considerably now, so we got orders to form columns of fours, go back to the corner we came from, and then up the road to Singalon church,

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which was on a line with the Spanish trenches. Passed a burning Spanish block house that the Astor Battery had set on fire; then, went past a company of insurgents with their flag flying, and stopped at the church and let a few companies of the Twenty-third Regulars go past us. We met quite a number of wounded being carried back to the rear, and there must have been twenty wounded men in the church, whilst all around were broken furniture, bloody bandages and pools of blood. This is the last place we were under fire, so we marched into Manila smokeless veterans.

Through some mistake of the officers in the transmission of orders the Third Battalion did not arrive on the firing line as early as expected and though exposed to a galling fire from the Spaniards was not actively engaged. Arrived on the Luneta about five o'clock, and were immediately placed on guard at Calle Real, Malate, six men at each cross street, with orders to keep the armed insurgents moving toward the outskirts. That night we camped on the sidewalk, which was covered with little red insects; when we were not challenging natives we were scratching ourselves. After twenty-

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four hours of this work we took possession of the old Spanish Barrack at Malate, and did not do a thing the next twenty-four hours but sleep.

The Spaniards had made drawings on the walls, showing how they would drive the "Yankee pigs" into the sea, but now the "pigs" have rooted them out and have possession of the pigpen.

Manila, Aug. 16.

Catlin and I went up to the Walled City and found it not dressed in its best suit of clothes, the water has been shut off and the streets are filthy. Here are the cathedral (some Spanish soldiers were playing monte on the altar), several churches, hospitals, convents, monasteries, storehouses, military barracks, and very few private residences.

Spanish prisoners were sitting around the saloons, drinking vino, eating peanuts, and talking army. They have surrendered their arms, the grounds at the arsenal being covered with them. We went into three or four churches and found them filled with Spanish sick and wounded, attended by priests and nuns. In an outbuilding, adjoining one of the churches,

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was a number of the dead who had been killed on the thirteenth and not yet buried. They were lying on stretchers, shoes and clothes covered with blood and mud, just as they had died. Down the street, a Spanish officer was whipping a native with a cane. On the Luneta, we saw several old native women picking little green insects from the bushes and eating them. In New Manila, vino was selling for one cent, Mexican, per glass; cigars, one cent, and native soda water, two cents. Gambling games were running on the street corners, whilst Chinese hop-joints were open to the street. Bare-footed native women were sitting down, selling fruit, and when not handling fruit would be scratching the sores on their syphilitic legs. One woman had a cup of coffee and was busy milking from her own breast into it, whilst another was walking down the street with her paps hanging over her shoulder. The Chinese coolies are clad in nature's dress-suits with a breech-clout for an overcoat. The native men wear shirts and pants; in case they own a pair of shoes, they will carry them on their heads until they arrive at their destination and then wear them. Their principal oc-

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cupation consists in pouring maledictions upon the Spaniards, and priests in particular, and when not doing that they will be out cock-fighting or playing monte. The children, under eight and nine years of age, are clad in nothing but smiles. After that age, the ladies wrap a cloth around themselves, which extends from the bosom to the knees, according to inclination, some shorter, some longer. They use the goo-goo bark with which to wash their hair, and their mouths to chew the buyo nut. I noticed several going down the street with matter from running sores dropping from their legs to the sidewalk, whilst from their mouths they expectorated the blood-red buyo juice. They live in nipa houses, built four feet from the ground, using the upper part as a living room, the lower part for a water-closet. Of the Spanish population, the soldiers and the friars are the most noticeable, the latter, from grinding the faces of the poor, are jolly, rotund, corpulent specimens of good cheer, and good living; whilst the soldiers have washed-out, pale complexions, weak physiques, receding foreheads, and a hungry expression.

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Aug. 18.

Sydney Pratt, of Company A, who was sick and left behind at Camp Dewey, died today. A number of the boys were down there getting provisions, camp equipage, etc., which they carried on their backs or placed in carts which they pulled with long ropes. The boys dug a grave for the deceased, had John Dallam perform the funeral service, after which the firing squad fired a volley over the poor boy's lonely grave, and then went thoughtfully and sorrowfully back to Manila. It was a miserable place to die in and a lonely place to be buried.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN OLD SPANISH BARRACKS AT MALATE.

Malate, Aug. 21, 1898.

We had frozen meat brought from Australia on shipboard for dinner today, the first fresh meat we have had for about five weeks. During that time we had bacon and hard-tack, with granulated potatoes on the side. We have been figuring that we can exist on nothing pretty soon, as the food seems to get beautifully less

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every day. Jack was on kitchen detail and cut the meat up to fit the men's appetite, and the result was that the first half of the company got a fair, decent, meal and the last half got nothing. They made such a roar that Aunty Bates, the commissary sergeant, came running out, but as the soldiers had eaten the meat and Bates did not have a stomach pump he could not do anything.

Manila, Aug. 29.

Eight of us were on a detail today, pulling a cart all around, delivering meat from the ship to the companies stationed in different parts of the town. Jimmy Brown was pulling alongside me and he made the atmosphere sulphurous with profanity. The meat was smelling and sizzling in the heat, and the sun seemed to burn into our brains. The other regiments have horse or buffalo carts to do this work. There are ten thousand Spanish prisoners resting in the shade; Chinese coolies and natives to be had for twenty-five cents per day. Some say we have a ten thousand dollar regimental fund. The soldiers are all more or less sick, yet the men in authority must needs quench what little patriotism is left in the boys by

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making them do the work of horses. It is taking the ambition out of them; the time was, when, if volunteers were asked for for any duty, the whole company would step forward. Now, when the officers ask for volunteers the men put on a blank face, sidestep away, and mutter, "I volunteered once ———."

CHAPTER IX.
ON POLICE DUTY.

Sampoloc, Aug. 30, 1898.

We moved into the police station at Sampoloc; thought we were very fortunate in getting such good quarters. There is a shower bath to the rear of quarters where the boys bathe and wash their clothes on the Philippine plan, which is, take them under the shower, soap them good, pound the dirt out with a club, and hang them on the fence to dry.

Sampoloc is the red light district of Manila, near the outskirts, and consequently healthy. From now till the insurrection broke out, we fared well, had fresh meat several times per week, had firewood furnished, and good water

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to drink. Guard duty became more regular, one day on guard, one on fatigue and one of rest. Days in the army are twenty-four hours long. About this time the boys took their first lessons in pantomiming or talking with their face, hands and feet. There was always a little excitement around quarters, so time passed quickly, and the boys were kept busy settling their natural disputes and difficulties which arise between people of various nationalities; the protection of the person and property of the Spaniard against the insurgents and Chinese; the settlement of money disputes between the different nationalities, the large majority not understanding why one silver American dollar should be the equal of two Philippine dollars of the same size. Add to these the foreign prostitutes, the drunken sailors, the Spanish prisoners, the saucy insurgent, an occasional leper or madman, not any of them able to talk United States, and the American policeman not able to talk their language, and it will readily be seen that the boys did not have much time to spare.

During the late unpleasantness, the lepers had taken French leave and were scattered all

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through the town, and the first work of the provo-guard was to comb them together again. The first move a native made when arrested was to try to find the policeman's price. When they learned that the American soldier did not exchange special favors for dobie dollars, they could not comprehend at all.

Sampoloc, Oct. 8.

During the night we heard an awful row and awoke to the fact that the sentinel had a man pinned up in a corner at the point of the bayonet. The man wanted to get away, but the sentry swore by the Eternal he would run him through if he tried to move. The noisy man belonged to H Company, and had been mixing "Cyrus Noble Whisky" with beno and did not care for God, man or devil. He made such a racket that the Major and Captain came down stairs to see what was the trouble. They told him to shut up, but that made him worse. "Major," he said, "I know you and Captain Rowley, I respect you, but, G— d— you, I can whip you both." This was strong talk, so after trying persuasion a little longer they had him gagged and bound and thrown into the calaboose where he passed the night.

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CHAPTER X.

INSIDE THE INSURGENT LINES.

Marquino, Nov. 27, 1898.

Hearing that gold was to be found in the mountains, eight of us applied to the Captain for a seven days' leave of absence, which was passed to Colonel Ames and granted. Corey and I went to the insurgent Captain, Arevala,* and got a letter of introduction to Flores, the insurgent president of Marquino province, and then we started on our journey.

It appears we ought to have had a pass from General Otis and also one from Aguinaldo to make this trip, which was into the insurgent country, but we did not know about that till we returned. We got orders not to take any firearms, so we put our revolvers into the tin of hard-tack, placed tacks on top, hired a canoe, and arrived at Marquino, seven miles from Manila, with a population of eleven thousand, at ten o'clock at night.

*At present Chief Justice of the Philippine Supreme Court.

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Balbino, our native factotum, went to the president and informed him of our arrival. We were invited to his house, and after a pow-wow of some duration we spread our blankets on the floor and were about to turn in, when we heard a noise outside and saw a procession of seemingly all the village marching down the street, the Philippine flag at the head; then a native band of about thirty pieces, every instrument of which was made of bamboo, with the exception of a wonderful drum and a tin whistle which the leader used. The music was the "worst ever," but we applauded and made them believe it was the "only kind." We succeeded so well that they gave us a dozen selections before they went away. In the intervals between the music two insurgent companies of soldiers, one of men and the other of boys, both armed with wooden guns, would drill and parade in front of the house. Their work was rank, but we tried to make them think it was the only correct thing. The officers were armed with swords and if a soldier made a false move, which was nearly all the time, the officer would hit him over the shoulders or legs with the flat of the sword. We went to sleep

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sometime in the morning, and when we awoke the president had a chicken breakfast ready for us.

Nearby was a small drug store and on the walls were "Castoria" and Singer Sewing Machine advertisements, yet we were the first Americans ever in the town, and Bill Handscum was the first American to buy a bottle of whisky in Marquino. We bid goodbye to our president friend and gave him a pressing invitation to visit us in Manila. If he accepts it, I see his finish. We'll make him so drunk he'll never go back. Then we hired a horse and caronetta to carry our knapsacks and started out on foot for San Mateo. The horse was a brave little fellow, but the roads were terrible. Sometimes the wheels would go down into the ruts and the caronetta would rest on the axletree and then all hands would have to take hold and help lift. The natives were plowing with buffaloes and crooked sticks; do not even have two handles to their natural implements. Tailors sit cross-legged in the doorways. The blacksmith fits the horseshoe on cold. The Chinese barbers use a razor like a cleaver to scratch your face with. The laundry

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women go out into the river to wash their clothes and will then go on the bank and comb and wash their hair with the goo-goo bark; then will get a cigarette between their teeth and brace up to the first individual they meet, be it man or woman, and ask for a light from their cigar or cigarette. The rice is threshed by men and women, who jump up and down and thresh it out with their feet. It is ground by women, who use a mallet and pound it out by "Armstrong" power. The rope factories furnished employment for two men each, one man turning a crooked stick, the other one feeding the sisal. As there is no sawmill on the island the boards are hewn or sawn by Chinese with cross-cut saws, one man pulling the saw one way and another pulling it back again. On the Manila and Dagupan railroad, the cross-ties are made of mahogany, the ties alone would pay for the building and equipment of another road of equal size.

At the Hotel Oriente, the floors, stairs, etc., are made of mahogany and polished like the surface of a piano. Some of the tables are five feet wide and ten feet long, made out of a single mahogany plank. The lumber was floated

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down the river to Manila and is of almost incalculable value, but has been held by the friars, who, desiring to keep education, progress, and foreigners out of the country, exacted such conditions and caused such taxes to be imposed that business was made so uncertain and unsatisfactory that lumbermen could not afford to engage in the speculation. The native houses are built of bamboo with nipa thatch for a roof, the floors are made of split bamboo, the outside fiber being used to tie the joists together, the windows are made of fish scales instead of glass and all the native needs is a knife and he soon has a house. Bamboo is also used for making furniture of all descriptions, scaffolding, rafts, musical instruments, carts, baskets, fish-traps, hats, mats, etc.

Coffee used to be grown on Luzon quite extensively. Some Englishmen started a large planation in Pampanga and fifteen years ago exported twenty million pounds annually. Now, owing to the blight, the disturbed conditions of war, and exactions of the Spaniards, the output has dwindled to two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. A fine quality of sugar-cane is also grown here, and all consumed at home, being

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used in its coarse state, as there are not any refineries on the islands. Copper, sulphur, gold, marble, lead, iron and coal have been discovered in different parts of the archipelago, which, taken in conjunction with the Manila hemp, sugar-cane, tobacco, coffee, chocolate beans, cocoanut, corn, mangoes, bananas, yams, oranges, limes, tamarinds, lemon, rice, indigo and other products, together with the pearl fisheries, will make it, when developed, commercially the equal of any tract of country the same size on earth. During our journey, the natives flocked to see us from far and near. If we had horns and a tail they would have not regarded us more intently. When Jack took out his false teeth to wash them they ran away, and when at a safe distance they stopped and commenced stretching their necks again, looking as though they expected him to take his head off next. About twelve o'clock, we came to a river where an insurgent outpost was stationed. He halted us, asked us if we had any firearms, searched us and found none, and asked where we were going, and finally sent us in charge of three soldiers to San Matea, where we were taken before the president, who tried

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to pump us as dry as a sand bank and then let us proceed.

It appears that the Philippine Republic is divided into provinces, each one governed by a local president who is subject to Aguinàldo. They must be organized, for I saw written on the door of the different rooms at the local president's house these words: "Rents," "Taxes," "Justice." This town is seventeen miles from Manila, has eight thousand population, and is the place where General Lawton was killed two years later. At this time, the insurgents had about eighty Spanish prisoners here who seemed to be decently cared for. They had to work for the natives for their food. From here we went to Montalban, which lies at the foot of the mountains. There was a new church here, with intrenchments thrown up around, and near by were the insurgents' headquarters, with the Philippine flag flying from the roof. At the farther end of the town, we came to the river and thought we would be safer on the other side, so we crossed over, the current being so swift that pebbles rolled against our feet. We started to make camp when a native sergeant and detail

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of men came over and asked by what rights or privileges we claimed possession, and asked if we had permission to camp there. We replied we had verbal permission from the president of San Matea. The answer came quick as a flash that we were not in San Matea, but in the province of Montalban, that we had neglected to salute the Philippine flag when going through the town, and that we must go up and see the president; *Corey and half of the boys went up to see his royal nibs, whilst the rest of us sat down on our earthly belongings, looking sideways at the little brown soldiers with their rusty Remingtons and ragged regimentals and wondered when it would all end.

After about two hours' conference, the boys came back again, and said we could stay and that the president would furnish us soldiers wherever we wished to go. We didn't want them, but he furnished them just the same. We passed five days at this place and it rained four. We heard there was a cave up in the mountains, so we made several efforts to find it, but could not. So the president sent two soldiers

*At the present time a Lieutenant in Twenty-second Battery Heavy Artillery.

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to show us. They took us up the river bank and showed us the cave on the other side. The current was so swift we could not cross, so we were nearly all day working our way back to where we could cross the river and get to the cave. It was of white marble, so hard it was impossible to make a dent in it with our knives, so we made some charcoal and wrote our names on the wall. There were several Spanish names and three English ones—Courtney, Russell, and Higginbottom, the latter gentleman, with whom we are acquainted, lives in Manila at the present time. When coming back to camp, among the rocks along the bank of the river, Upson was about to step on a green snake when the natives yelled and pointed to it. †Upson put his foot down in another place and slipped into the water. §Manning, on a neighboring rock, heard the noise, turned around, lost his balance and fell square on top of Upson, who, having his eyes full of water, did not know what was next to him. The desperate efforts he made to get away were so comical that even the natives

†Now a practicing attorney in Minneapolis.
§Now a provincial treasurer in Luzon.

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laughed, though but a minute before his eyes bulged out with fear.

We heard men shouting and dogs barking one whole night and sat up waiting for our time to come, but finally learned that the natives were out hunting boars. That set Upson and Corey crazy. They must have a boar hunt also, so next day they got a number of natives and dogs and succeeded in starting a boar, who gave them a run for their money. The boys cut their shoes on the rocks and tore their clothes in the bushes; the boar mangled one dog and gouged the eye out of another and broke away, but the boys were happy and satisfied—they'd had a boar hunt.

The object of the expedition was to find gold which we heard was to be found here, and we have been looking for it all the time. Mitchell came in with a small piece yesterday. Jack and one of the natives came in with some colors, also, but I could not do anything in that line and was coming home through the rain today in disgust when I ran across two old women scratching in the sand, by a small stream, with a spearhead for a pick and a half cocoanut for a shovel, so I turned in and

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worked for dear life alongside of them, but could only get about a dozen colors. The old ladies must have had seven dollars worth of dust. These mountains are very rough, some of them composed of nothing but loose rock which is not solid but full of crevices and holes where the monkeys and boars go and work around so that we were unable to follow them.

On the seventh day we returned to Manila and the whole company turned out and gave us a hearty welcome home.

CHAPTER XI.

THE UNTOUCHABLE FILIPINO IN CAMP.

Dec. 11, 1898.

Downing, of H Company, and myself went down to see Balbino, who inquired who Downing was. I told him he was a young man about to become a priest. "Ha! Ha!" the old reprobate remarked, "him get all fine girls." Jack dropped in about this time and Balbino commenced to tell us that Aguinaldo and an-

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other Filipino, named Mariand, were bullet-proof, and that bullets would almost reach them and then slide by on one side. They laughed at us when we told them the world was not wide enough for an American to miss a man in, at two hundred yards. They were so incredulous and certain, that finally Jack told them he would give one hundred dollars to the man he failed to hit at that distance. The house was full of natives by this time, and they seemed anxious to have the affair come off. As it was a moonlight night they agreed to get Mariana and meet us at 36 Calle Calecon at ten o'clock that night. Jack and I did not have the money, but managed to borrow it from different friends, chucked it into a haversack and went down to the meeting place. Balbino and a houseful of natives were there, but no Mariana, so we stayed there till eleven o'clock and then went back to quarters.

Police Station, Jan. 16.

Balbino came running up and said that the invisible and invulnerable Filipino Mariana was at his home, so Jack and I got our guns and money and hustled down after him. The

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place was filled with natives, but when we appeared Mariana went into a little closet and shut himself in and said he would meet us tomorrow. The amusing part of the episode was Balbino, whose faith in the untouchable Filipino up to this time was imperishable. When the man shut himself up, Balbino ran out and borrowed twenty dollars on his diamond ring, and then came back and offered to bet on the Americanoes. Then he wanted to borrow my revolver. I asked him what for. "Want to go kill him myself." Next morning Balbino came up and told us there was a dead body lying about ten feet away from the building where we had been the previous night, but did not want me to tell the Captain, so I told some one else to tell him, and went along with Balbino. Pretty soon, Captain Rowley came along accompanied by Major Diggles. The deceased was a young man about twenty years of age, stabbed five times in the chest. The blood was black and clotted, and the body swelling and smelling in the hot sun. We turned the body over and found the arms were tied behind his back with cord. The Major told the boy's father to take the body away and wash it and

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get a burial permit, but he did not do a thing, and the body was still lying there putrifying late in the afternoon, when Jack and I got the native grave digger and two others to carry the body, and took it up to the churchyard. The grave digger had an old mattock for a pick and a basket for a shovel, and in digging down he crashed through two skeletons, one set of bones green, the other old and brittle. The boy's mother brought a pillow to rest the deceased's head upon, and a piece of matting to spread over the body. We covered the poor fellow up in his gore with his arms still tied behind him. Balbino said he had seen him at a store, kept by a girl, the previous evening. We went over there, but she swore she had not seen him. Balbino said: "Put her in the stocks and beat her, as the Spaniards did, then she'll tell," but, of course, we could not do that. This was the first man killed with his arms tied behind him; we found five or six others killed in the same manner before the insurrection broke out.

At the present time the Americans have possession of Manila and Cavite, the Filipinos the remainder of the island. They occupy the

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line of trenches and blockhouses around Manila extending from shore to shore, formerly used by the Spaniards. Their officers and men come into Manila. They have a regular recruiting station at No. 26 Calle Calecon, and their local president blocks every move we make. They carry matters with a high hand; levy contributions; intimidate those who do not sympathize with them; carry off women, and act exactly as they have been taught to do by the Spaniards.

Tom Graham arrested a Spanish soldier who had cut and was chasing another down the street with a cleaver. Next morning Sergeant Joe Stracham told him to take his prisoner down to the court room. Tom did not know the way down there, but the prisoner did, so they started out and arrived just as the judge was going home. He asked Tom why he did not come earlier, and Tom replied his orders were to follow the prisoner. The judge dismissed the case. The Spaniard was guilty, and his captain had given him ten dollars to pay his fine, so Tom and the Spaniard spent the money in liquid refreshments and were then both arrested, but the patrol, being composed of Minnesota men, knew Tom and let them go again.

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Manila, Dec. 28.

Baker and I went over to Paco cemetery today. The gates are about fifteen feet high, and, being locked, we climbed over. The dead are placed in vaults, three tiers high. A rental has to be paid for the use of the vault, to the men in skirts, who charge $25.00 for the first five years, and an annual payment from that time till the Day of Resurrection. If the tax is not paid, the body is raked out, as a fireman rakes the cinders out of an engine, and then thrown over the wall into the boneyard, which is now about ten feet high, where skulls and bones in different stages of decomposition are baking in the sun, the coffins being stolen by the natives for firewood. A number of the Minnesota boys are buried here in the ground, and beautiful headstones mark their resting-place.

Here also lie the remains of Sergeant Merwin M. Carleton*, of Company E. At Camp Merritt, he was vaccinated and his arm was swollen so badly that there was talk about am-

*Camp Merwin M. Carleton No. 4, Army of the Philippines, is named in his honor. It is the largest and strongest camp in the United States.

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putating it. He was wounded at the taking of Manila, on the 13th of August, and had barely recovered when he was laid low with malarial fever, and when scarcely able to move around, in his anxiety to do all he could, he returned to company quarters and reported for duty, and on his first turn on patrol was shot.

Previous to that time, no Protestant was allowed to be buried in Manila. Some boys from the Kansas Regiment came down and took some skulls away for souvenirs and contracted smallpox, so now a guard is placed at the cemetery. Whilst ruminating on these matters, a detail from Company A came along and were about to place us under arrest, but recognizing us, took us along to dinner, instead. Company A, guarding graveyards; Company B, guarding prostitutes. One the grave, the other the way to it.

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CHAPTER XII.
CHRISTMAS DAY.

Manila, Dec. 25, 1898.

The celebration really started at four o'clock yesterday afternoon, for that is the time that the Christmas boxes arrived from Minnesota, and if S. T. Johnson and the Auxiliary Association had seen the reception the boxes received they would have felt gratified. The boys fairly went wild, and in a short time everything was topsy-turvy. Tom Graham and myself had been feeling a little blue. We did not have many friends behind us and did not expect a thing and were very agreeably surprised. My box had been filled by the North Side High School, whilst Tom's had been filled by the "Housekeeper Newspaper" people, both of Minneapolis. I remember greedily gathering my possessions together, chuckling to myself, and noticed Tom on a bench making a speech. As he was monopolizing all the noise, Jimmy Brown jumped up and roared out: "Gentlemen, I beg leave to—." "I

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don't care what you leave," Tom yelled, "as long as you leave my box." Someone kicked the bench from under him and that started a rough house which continued with more or less intermission for forty-eight hours. During the scuffle, Worden knocked McGinnis against a lamp, McGinnis split his ear and cut his chin, so Carlson was ordered to go with him to the Colorado doctor and get sewed together. They then industriously turned in and got Christmasly drunk. Corporal Moses found them and I remember him linking Carlson stiff-leggedly up the street, whilst McGinnis came behind, with a bandage around his head, over both ears, and wrapped around his chin, his coat off, shirt unbuttoned and covered with blood, yelling like a Comanche Indian. The officers inquired into the matter, the boys said it was an accident and no one was to blame, and many who were not there at all were willing to say that was so.

In the morning, Jack and I went down to Ma's for breakfast and had fresh eggs, potted ham, chocolate, sliced peaches and cream. About nine o'clock, John Dallam* came up-

*At present time chaplain to the Twenty-second Regiment, U. S. A.

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stairs to our room, where half of the company were assembled, and gave us a nice little Christmas talk. Fletcher played the piano and we had some good singing. The boys in the second section clubbed together twenty dollars and Corporal Smith was busy making punch all day, nutmeg, sugar, whisky and berries. The boys got full of berries and went rolling home in the morning. In the afternoon "Windy Bill" put the boys through the bawling out exercises. He asked the questions and we all joined in the answers as emphatically as possible:

"Who is the corporal of ill repute?" "Upson."

"Who will hold the bridge or bust?" "Law."

"Who has fifty dollars in gold?" "Elmer Eile."

"Who is the ladies' companion?" "Powers."

"Who stole the priest's wine?" "Ellinger."

"Who would make a good lightning rod?" "Graham."

"Who wouldn't loan his Krag?" "Shoemaker."

"Who lost his appetite?" "Beals."

"Who burned the beans?" "Carlson."

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"Who is the boy hero?" "McKeever."

"Who is the oriental tourist?" "Campbell."

"Who is the section boss?" "Welsh."

"Who lost his eyesight looking for goo-goos?" "Bowe."

"Who ate all the sugar?" "Coates."

"Who is the rookie?" "Baker."

"Who is the sidewalk comedian?" "Varney."

"Who is Diggles' dog robber?" "Bracket."

"Who wants to be a corporal?" "Cole."

"Who has cobwebs in his gun?" "Brown."

"Who wears everybody's socks but his own?" "Elmer Eile."

"Who stayed in San Francisco to cook for the officers?" "Hale."

"Who is the bum bugler?" "Smaby."

"Who halted his own shadow?" "Worden."

"Who got wounded in the back?" "Meggison."

"Who is limping Jesus?" "Mitchell."

"Who robs the soldiers?" "Cornell."

"Who walks on his eyeballs on Christmas day?" "Handscum."

Then Peanuts stepped up and gave his Washington Avenue spider web oration on popcorn:

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"One day a farmer had a jug of molasses sitting on the back porch, when a cyclone came up and took the molasses and dropped it into an old woman's milkcan, who had just set the can down to get a fresh grip, as she was taking the milk to town to peddle. The wind emptied the milk out and dropped the molasses in, which so startled and infuriated the old woman that she fell up against a farmer's corncrib that was full of corn. She commenced to cuss and damn and made it so hot in the neighborhood that the corn in the crib commenced to pop; popped over thirty acres of ground and still at it, when a farmer, leading his horses to water next morning, seeing the popcorn still coming down, thought it was a snow storm and lay down and froze to death."

CHAPTER XIII.

INCIDENTS ON POLICE DUTY.

Sampoloc, Jan. 20, 1899.

Every time a patrol goes down the street after dark, the dogs commence to bark, and the more he advances the more dogs he wakes up,

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instead of being called "preservers of the peace" we ought to be called "destroyers of the peace." So Jack went down to the hospital and got a requisition for some strychnine, while I went over to the native market and confiscated some fresh meat. In a few days, business was so dog-gone interesting in the canine line that we were afraid to tell the captain what we had done as we originally intended to do. "Windy Bill" saw some natives pulling something across a blind alley, and, thinking about a murdered native, he ran up and found—a dead dog. Several natives came up and informed the captain about the curious actions of their dogs and Fletcher, who was corporal of the guard, was sent out to kill them. Ma's little poodle came out in front of the quarters, danced a hoe-down, and fell over dead. Robinson came in from guard and reported that a dog belonging to a Colorado captain had gone mad and he had killed it. Handscum came in from No. 4 patrol and said that, as before he was unable to walk down street on account of dogs, now he was able to walk on dead dogs, and reported that there were several down there that ought to be buried.

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Tom Graham was on fatigue duty and came upstairs to clean our lamp. "Where do you keep it, in the coal scuttle, or the ice chest?" Handscum said, "I thought you were sick;" and Graham replied, "Oh, I refused to do heavy work, so they gave me a double dose of light duty." He then sat down to sew up his pants, and remarked, "If a man stays here long enough he will be able to make a suit of clothes from a silk handkerchief; here is a pair of pants that I have taken six or eight pieces from to fix my hammock, and several bandages to fix McGinnis's face with, and I have yet got enough left to make two pair, after I have taken some pieces to clean my rifle with." Handscum, noticing the pants slipping down over his hips, said, "Why don't you buy a pair of suspenders and brace up. Try and look like a man again. Get a bicycle pump and fill out the seat of those trousers. What is the matter with you?" Graham answered, "Oh, I am just trying to find out what ails me. It can't be the gout, for a man has to go to New York to die to get that. It is not Bright's disease, for a man must be worth fifty thousand dollars to have that. I think it must be love, for Sam

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Jones says that love is something in the head which descends into the body and 'busts.'"

Manila, Dec. 27.

Was on guard today and relieved Borhus who told me that an hour ago a Frenchman and an Englishman drove up to one of the houses and stayed some time. The Englishman was going to stay all night so the Frenchman came out and told the native coachman to drive up town. He would not do so unless he was paid for the use of the carriage in advance. This is where Borhus came into the game. He sided with the native and told the Frenchman to pay the man. This he declined to do, and passed some sincere and serious remarks about Americans in general and Borhus in particular. The result was that Borhus had him by the throat and was making him gurgle, when the Englishman, hearing the row, came out and paid the native, who, with the Frenchman, drove away, leaving Johnny Bull and Borhus standing in the road. The latter, thinking an apology was due the Englishman for having his friend by the throat, remarked, "The man was drunk and would not pay the

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driver." And to Borhus' surprise, the Englishman replied, "Yes, I told the d— fool to do as the Americans told him to, or they would put a bullet into him, and instead of having me to settle his troubles he will have to settle them with God Almighty."

Tom Graham came in today with his hat full of red hair, and throwing himself on the hammock declared he refused to go on patrol any more.

Handscum said, "You must not use the word 'refuse' in the army, Tom. Say you're sick."

Graham: "Well, I'm sick."

Handscum: "What is the matter?"

Graham: "I've a ringing noise in my head."

Handscum: "That's because it's empty."

Graham: "There's no noise in my head."

Handscum: "That's because it's cracked."

Graham: "Can you play checkers?"

Handscum: "Yes."

Graham: "Well, it's your move."

Handscum: "Why don't you see the doctor, Tom?"

Graham: "He can't cure hams or bacon, let alone love-sickness."

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Handscum: "Well, he is no farmer."

Graham: "No, but the man who gave him his commission is.'

As Tom got the last word he wore a smile like the tin plate on a coffin and told us his troubles. John Dallam, our preacher soldier, and he were walking up the shady side of the street on patrol when they were hailed by a half-dozen Colorado boys who had somehow or other got possession of a keg of beer and insisted upon the patrol drinking also, and made their demands so strong that John Dallam gave them a little lecture on the evils of intemperance, the bad example it was to the natives, and the lack of honor and sobriety that were always expected from the American soldier. When he got done speaking, he took the keg and was pouring the beer upon the ground when the Colorado boys made a rush at him and soon there was something doing. Tom Graham had been a silent spectator during this period, his sympathies all with the Colorado boys. However, when Dallam was attacked, he fell in line and helped him go some. The patrol had clubs; the other side were a little dopy, and the result was that our boys got the

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best of it. In the meantime, the keg had rolled over on one side and been forgotten and when remembered was empty. Handscum asked, "Why didn't you bring them to the calaboose?" Tom answered, "Dallam wanted to, but I absolutely refused to stand for it. I thought they were punished enough by losing all that good beer."

The insurgents were getting very obstreperous, about this time, so we disarmed every native we found carrying weapons. They carried a chip on their shoulders, and acted as though the sun rose and set some place inside the Philippine uniform, that the goo-goo republic was the whole universe, Manila a dropsical wart on the horizon, and the American army of occupation infinitesimal flees, who ran out in the night-time to grab a bite and then crawled back to their holes to eat it. I remember one day was down to the house formerly used as a native recruiting station and found fifteen or twenty natives there, so we got to talking and one insurgent sergeant very soberly informed me that it took six Americans to be as good as one Filipino soldier. I politely replied, that he was mistaken, that the

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rule ought to be reversed, but he could not see it that way, nor could I see through the spectacles of egotism that he was looking through. Was standing outside the house, feeling in my pockets for matches, when Sergeant Joe Strachem came along with a detail of men. I told him the circumstances and what I was going to do, and he got angry, reminded me about the orders we get nearly every day now—to be careful not to provoke trouble with the natives, and put up such a strong talk that I went to quarters with him.

CHAPTER XIV.
A MARRIAGE IN THE ORIENT.

Sampoloc, Dec. 29, 1898.

Ran across Balbino last night, who is in a peck of trouble. It appears his son has just come in from the provinces to marry his sweetheart, who is a good looking native, twenty years of age, and aching to get married, but her parents were hostile and locked her up. The boy tried to get her away, so her father took her to the local president's house

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and shut her up there. Old Balbino came up and told us, so Jack and I went over and took her from the old crocodile and left her at Balbino's and then went to quarters. The old fellow was waiting for us at the door next morning and said that the girl's father and friends had been to his place during the night and almost torn it down. Balbino, though an old rooster among the pullets, is no slouch when it comes to doing things. He had expected this and had some friends conveniently near, so the invaders had been driven away, but he was afraid they would come back again.

Jack and Balbino went to the priest to get a license, whilst I went down to the house, and it looked as though it had been through a cyclone. Then I went to the girl's father and told him either give his consent to the marriage to the priest or else go to the calaboose for assaulting Balbino. He chose the former course, but even then the priest would not marry them, as the bans had not been published in church.

Manila, Jan. 29.

We saw three fires in the native district about midnight and learned that it was Bal-

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bino, cooking food for the wedding tomorrow, and, as usual, was in trouble. It appears that it is the custom for the best man, or padrena, as he is called here, to pay the priest for performing the ceremony. Under Spanish rule, the amount was thirty dollars, but the native priests have reduced it to fourteen dollars and fifty cents. Jack, who knew nothing about the custom, had agreed to act as padrena, but when they went to him for the money to pay the priest he told them to go straight up. Balbino explained to me that Jack's name was down on the church books to act in that capacity and the priest refused to marry the couple unless he was there. I saw Pablo, one of our mutual friends, and explained the circumstances, and he dug up the money, and Jack, consenting to act as padrena, the marriage was duly solemnized in elegant style. The church was crowded, the wide doors thrown open and the natives filled half the churchyard. A dozen of Uncle Sam's nephews were there, and Jack, looking lonesome and uncomfortable, cast envious and appealing glances at them as he was led around during the ceremony. After tying the knot, the priest spoke

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of the present strained relations between the Filipinos and the Americans, while the natives stood like statues, greedily listening to him. Five days after this, the insurrection broke out. In the evening, a half dozen of us went down to the wedding supper at Balbino's house and among the different dishes of cocoanut, fish, etc., was one of fresh meat, very tender and nice, which we were helping ourselves to quite freely. Finally, Corey said, "What is this meat, Balbino?" who replied, "What, him? Oh, him dog." Jack and I had visions of strychnine, poisoned pups, etc., and I went out and had a case of seasickness and went to quarters not thinking loud but deep.

Under Spanish rule, the friars had a tariff of marriage fees, but seldom used it, usually regulating the fee according to the size of the party's pocketbook. As the fee demanded was enormous, the natural result was that many got married "over the left,"—co-habited under mutual vows, because they could not pay the price.

Oleson, who used to bunk about six feet away from me, was taken away to the hospital four days ago, and died this morning from

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smallpox. His body was wrapped in cloths, saturated with carbolic acid, all spare room in the coffin filled with lime, and buried. His personal effects, trunk, souvenirs, were all taken out into the yard and burned. A few days ago he was running around, now there is no trace that there ever was such a man, except in army records. The old National Guard ambulance, which we took from Minnesota, which for several months was the only one here, is now used as a smallpox ambulance.

CHAPTER XV.

THE PHILIPPINE OUTBREAK.

Manila, Feb. 5, 1899.

The expected happened about nine o'clock last night. The tension broke and the goo-goos shot into the town for a couple of hours, and then stopped. I was not on duty, so went to bed. I heard some kind of a noise, and, when fairly awake, Fletcher and myself were standing at the window, clad in full suits of black hair, with our rifles in our hands, and the bullets were rattling on the tin roof like peas in a

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bladder. When this quieted down, about midnight, Jack Huard and myself took our rifles and went out to the American trenches, opposite Block House 5, held by the insurgents. We went out on the Balic Balic road, past a strong guard who did not stop us, out to where our men used to be stationed, but found no one there, so thought we would go to the Sampaloc cemetery. In crossing the hill, the goo-goos fired a volley at us so unexpectedly that we both instinctively dropped; neither one was hurt, so we fired a few shots; then, thinking we were attracting too much attention, stopped shooting. Just then, we could hear the old Springfields answering the Mausers from the cemetery and the firing was kept up until four o'clock; whenever we raised our heads we could see the flashes of fire in front of us. Then, we would burrow down again. We must have been too scared to run away. After about two hours, the fire slackened some, and we crawled backwards down the hill from the goo-goos and ran into a bunch of officers and a long line of American soldiers. It appears our lines had been drawn back during the night so as to be sheltered by the hill, and the

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cemetery used as an outpost, and there we had been lying for a couple of hours midway between the American and the Philippine lines. The officers asked us where we came from, who we were, and where we were going. We told them we were Minnesota policemen; had just come down the hill and were going to quarters —that we had had enough. They laughed and so did we, just to see whether we were able to do so or not.

Got back to quarters and went to bed and in a few minutes "Windy Bill" came along and woke me up. He was in the hospital on the 13th of August and had never been under fire and wanted me to go out with him. I refused, had enough, but he kept at me so persistently that in order to get rid of him I went along. We started out for Block House 5 again. On the outskirts of town and behind the American lines the insurgents were potting away from houses and trees, they had the correct range of a bare piece of road about two hundred yards long, and they sniped everything that crossed there. Bill and I laid down under a bank, got cold feet, and concluded to go out to Santa Mesa to the Nebraska Regiment. Just then a

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couple of Colorado boys came along with a boiler of coffee slung on a stick on their shoulders, one of them was singing about "The days of old and the days of gold, and the days of '49." A bullet hit the coffee boiler, and the coffee poured out as though from a teapot, but they kept going over the open piece of road, and we went after them. When we reached the American line we found Companies B, K and L of the Colorado Regiment formed in line and about to advance on Block House 5. Major Anderson ordered them to advance slowly. They did not know what slow was, and the Major, after trying in vain to hold them back, at last said in disgust, "Well, if you will go, go and give them h—." They went like dogs from a leash, leaving Bill and I, who were already winded, to tag along in the rear. The insurgents made their stand in the bushes in front of the block house and when retreating to rally on the block house the Americans were right in among them and kept them going. Colonel McCoy and Major Anderson and a few of the men were feeling good over the capture so we turned in and ate breakfast with them.

To the right we could see Block House 6

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in flames, having been taken and burned by the Nebraskans; to the left we saw the South Dakotans come out of the woods in a long, brown line and advance across the open rice fields to attack Block House 3. One long fellow in front kept forging ahead, the farther he went the more distance he gained, and when the block house was reached the regiment was in the shape of a wedge, with the long man for the point. Bill and I then went down to Block House 3 and helped to fire a few volleys at the insurgents who were yet in the rice fields to the left of the block house. Shortly after this, the Pennsylvania Regiment came and attacked the Chinese hospital, to the left of Block House 3, held by the insurgents. They could not get inside the walls for a few minutes and kept running and swarming around like bees. Bill and I thought we ought to go down there, so we went and formed in with Company D, Tenth Pennsylvania, who were about to advance in extended order to attack the Chinese church. The building was of brick, built on a hill; in front, where we had to advance, was a rice field; to the left, were bushes and trees; to the right, were graveyards, and to the right

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of that La Loma church. We started up the rice fields with our skirmishers in front and got about half way there, when without a second's warning, they pumped a terrific volley into us from the graveyards and the church. We got orders to lie down and lay there for two hours in the hot sun, not able to fire a shot on account of our skirmishers lying in front. We watched the insurgent officers as they walked around on the church walls and graves, giving directions to their men, who were invisible behind walls and graves. There were thousands of shots went over our heads all the time and one man seemed to have a grudge against me. He seemed to get nearer; the bullets came harder, directly in front, and filled my eyes with dust. Five shots would come with equal regularity, then a short time for loading, and then again. Finally, when my nerves were about all in, his shots ceased, though the others did not, and I fell asleep, then woke up, jumped to my feet and fell down again just as quick, for the ping of the Mauser makes a man know where he is at. Bill had a good laugh at me and in a short time fell asleep himself.

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In the meantime, two cannon from the Utah Battery had come up behind us and, firing over our heads, drove the insurgents out of the graveyards, so we flanked into there, and instead of going to the Chinese church, we now got orders to advance on Church De La Loma. We ran into another graveyard, with a wire fence about eight feet high, and when we got through that, Major Bell, chief of the staff to General Otis, shouted the war cry and started the charge, running in front with his hat waving over his head, and away we went, loading as we ran, dropping on one knee as we fired, cracking a joke or swearing a cuss as the case might be, drove the insurgents out of the bushes and into full view on the bare hill top, and few went over that hill. At one place there were sixty dead goo-goos in that many square yards. We advanced toward the church from the front, and the South Dakota boys arrived just at that time from the flank, and as we went in at the front gate the insurgents went out at the rear toward Caloocan. The men here got orders to halt, so they shot at the goo-goos as long as

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they were within range. Colonel Hawkins*, an old civil war veteran and colonel of the Pennsylvanias, was one of the first men at the church, and shortly afterwards fell over, winded.

Major Bell now called for volunteers to go on a reconnoitering expedition toward Caloocan. Montgomery, Tenny, myself and a couple of South Dakota boys stepped out; he led us across a ravine, where, seeing an insurgent firing at the men at the church, I dodged behind a bush and took a shot at him; that missed, then he pumped lead into the bush I was behind so energetically that I thought I would change bushes and get at him from another direction. He must have had the same idea, for he was running up the ravine, looking behind, and ran square into the arms of Montgomery who froze onto him. The Major took us to within rifle range of Caloocan; the insurgents on our left being driven in front of the Kansas and Montana Regiments, pouring a flank fire into us, but the Major would not allow us to fire a shot in return. After we got so close to Caloocan that we could see the

*Died on transport, returning home.

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stars in the Philippine flag, the Major, getting what information he wanted, returned; before we got back to the American line, and when the goo-goos were still potting at us, he sat down on a rice ridge and took our names and companies, and said if we got into any trouble through running away from our regiment without leave he would be very glad to straighten it out. It was now late in the afternoon, so we started back to Manila, tired out. Jack got out a couple of bottles of champagne that we had connected with, and gave one to me and the other to "Windy Bill," with the result that I went to bed and Bill ran away again.

When Bill came back again, he, with many others from the different companies, were courtmartialed. These soldiers (that the men who would have liked to go with the regiment, but were prevented by business, family, and other reasons), called "mamma's pets," actually wanted to fight; and when they fought without their officers and without orders they were courtmartialed. The better the company, the more men in disgrace. One day Company H had thirty-five lined up in column of fours, and marched up to the summary court to be dealt with by the officers.

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Manila, Feb. 7.

The insurgents have been doing some promiscuous shooting in front of the Kansas Regiment, so Company C, of that regiment, had orders to advance and drive them back. About twenty of the Minnesota boys had heard of the contemplated movement, so when Company C lined up it was one of the largest companies in the Eighth Army Corps. We advanced in columns of fours two hundred yards until we reached a cross-road, then spread out in skirmish line and away we went after them. A dozen of us were on the main road to Caloocan, whilst the others advanced on each side of the road through the bushes. Soon we ran into four or five rows of houses and here they checked us for a few minutes till we could get them driven out, then we followed and ran up against their trenches, and got checked again. Then we learned that we had passed a number of them in the houses, for they commenced to pepper us from behind. One-half the men faced about, then charged the houses and set them on fire, the goo-goos running out like rats from a sinking ship. Just then the Utah Battery came up, but could not pass the

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burning houses on account of the fire, so they unlimbered and shot over our heads. Then we charged the trenches and drove the goo-goos to the outskirts of Caloocan. Just then, the captain came from somewhere and made us halt. He was wounded in the hand, Lieutenant Alvord and several enlisted men were killed, and the way he got us out of that wood was a revelation. Attention, Count—Fours, Fours Right, Forward—March, Double Time, and away we went back down the road, the flames meeting over our heads and the Mauser bullets keeping time to the popping of burning bamboo. Jimmy Brown* was advancing through the bushes, running a shell game and skinning the natives, when he dropped into an old well and would doubtless have been drowned had Carlson not reached his gun down to help him climb up with. There was a green scum on the water and Jimmy was the maddest and most variegated looking Paddy outside of Old Erin.

Manila, Feb. 23.

For two weeks after the insurrection broke out we were kept busy being on guard or fa-

*Returned to the Philippines, was brought back in a box, and is buried in Arlington cemetery.

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tigue duty all the time. The insurgent officers yet in town were hunted down. American soldiers would take horses and carriages wherever they found them, use them as much as they needed to, then turn the horses loose, when the next soldier who needed them would take them, and so on. The streets were cleared at ten o'clock every night; after that time everyone was halted; if they did not halt, they were shot. Nearly every night there have been some fires and shooting in town, but last night capped the climax. Was on guard and everything was quiet till midnight, when, all at once, fires started up in a dozen places across the swamp, in Tondo and Binondo, then yelling and shouting and an occasional explosion. The bursting of bamboo mingling with the volley-firing of Americans and insurgents, the shouting of the combatants, the roaring of the cannon, the dark, illuminated smoke stretching heavenward, made a sight impossible to describe and never to be forgotten. The fighting and burning was restricted to those two districts, so we were not troubled at all. Next morning, Tim Enright and myself went down to Tondo and found it had gone up in smoke

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during the night. The convent quarters of Company C yet stood as a sentinel in the wilderness of ashes and still smoking ruins. The company had sallied out in the night to drive the insurgents back, the latter retreated and swung around and attacked the convent and the twenty men who were left to guard it. The fighting must have been desperate, for the dead Filipinos were lying in the road and in front of the gate, not four feet from the convent wall. Across the road the burial squad was digging holes, whilst other men were bringing in the dead goo-goos from different directions on carts. Walked down toward the outskirts of town and saw the barricades that the insurgents had built across the streets, and at one place there was a little square wall, three feet high, enclosed in there were ten good goo-goos, in the gray insurgent uniform, all shot in the head, some with Krags, making small holes, others with Springfields, which made a small hole in front and tore the whole back part of the head away where the bullet came out.

About this time, we missed the frozen Australian beef and received so much canned sal-

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mon that Tom Graham says he has scales all over his body; thinks in a short time he will be able to swim back to America, and Hand-scum says he has small bones coming out all over his body, so that he cannot take his under-shirt off without tearing it. Thinks he will stand on his head and hire out for a hat rack.

When the insurgents were driven back, their friends in town got scared and buried their rifles, and, sometimes, money, in the ground, so, now, when the Americans see any fresh dirt they dig down to investigate. Carlson and Jack were out on guard one day when they saw some fresh soil under a native casa. Carlson crept under and dug down and got hold of a cloth and yelled out to Jack, "Come here; I've got it," and pulled out—a year-old baby with smallpox scales yet upon its face.

Noticing too many people visiting a house across the street, No. 11, Jack and I thought we would look through it, found three natives, so I lined them up against the wall and Jack searched the house. In the attic, upstairs, he found a Mauser rifle, swords, ammunition, and insurgent uniforms, whilst a small hole, six inches square, was cut in the roof. Directly

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across the street, about twenty yards across, was the room where Major Diggles and Captain Rowley lived. We took the arms along to quarters and the natives to the guardhouse. One peculiar feature about the natives is, that when there is a row in the street they all go inside and close the doors, instead of running to see what the trouble is, as the Americans do, and if the officers visit a house and find anything contraband there they never visit it again, avoid the place as though it had the plague.

About this time Otto Raths and Dick Voss brought up the stump of a mast from the Spanish flagship Maria Christiana, which Dewey had sunk in the bay, and the boys are all getting part of it for souvenirs.

Manila, March 10.

At midnight, came off guard and was prowling around the kitchen in the dark, trying to find something to eat, when I ran into Tim Enright on the same errand, who said, "I'll tell you what, Jack, those bandmen come over here every night and steal the guard's supper." He went on guard and I had just lain

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down to sleep when Raths woke me and said there was shooting down on No. 4, so ran down there and saw Bedard, who, with Enright had been patrolling the street when they noticed the insurgents had cut the wires. Enright grabbed hold of an end, fell backward, and the live wire he held in his hand commenced to sizzle, so Bedard threw rocks at the wire and broke it off and fired his gun to let us know. A woman sitting on a house-top opposite, asked what was the matter. Told her there was a man dead. She commenced wringing her hands, and said, "Oh, dear, I wish George were here. Can't I give him a drink of water?" Bill Cochran* and I carried him to quarters, rooted out a doctor from the Colorado Regiment, who pronounced him dead. We, then, took him out on the back porch and laid him out. We took the wire from his burnt fingers, washed the body, shaved the face, put on a white suit instead of the brown, and, with his curly, auburn hair combed, he looked fine, resting in his black coffin, with a cross of flowers upon his heart. He was a Catholic, so we took him to the church across

*At present on the police force in Minneapolis.

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the way, where the native priest blessed and prayed for the poor lad's soul. The natives flocked inside, with wonder staring out of their eyes. They can't understand the Americans at all. At two o'clock we formed in line, the band in the lead, the firing squad of seven following, then the coffin in a hearse with gold trimmings, escorted on both sides by pall bearers in white gloves, then came the boys in columns of fours, and in the rear a carriage containing officers. On the way down, an American lady sent an armful of flowers to place on the grave. He was buried in Battery Knoll, a little place where Uncle Sam buried his nephews in a long trench, seven feet across and three hundred feet long, the coffins laid side by side and numbered.

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CHAPTER XVI.
RELIEF FROM POLICE DUTY.

Sampoloc, March 17, 1899.

Since the Tondo outbreak, we have had it very quiet, the insurgents being driven from town, the other natives seem to be dazed and have not done much devilment for the last few weeks, and everything seems to have settled down. The district nowadays is about as quiet as Philadelphia on Sunday. Today we had a double celebration. The boys were celebrating the 17th of Ireland when Major Diggles came along and said we had been relieved from police duty and were to go to the front. Then pandemonium broke loose; half the band got out and went up the street, piping, "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," then the Irish contingent, consisting of the McCarrens, the McGinnises and the McMuds, decorated with green ribbon resurrected by Jimmy Brown, and led by Handscum, the Irish gunboat, came along, with Skip Wilson jigging in the rear. Then came Pup Collins, with his drum major

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baton, Peanuts dancing, without using his feet, and all the rest of the Norwegians, Swedes, and Dutchmen, who could not keep quiet on an occasion like this. The sight was a cure for sore eyes, it warmed the cockles in a man's heart to see the boys so happy. The natives came running from the side streets to see the kangaroo procession; looked puzzled for a few minutes, then looked at each other, and, tapping their foreheads, said, "Americano mucha loco."

CHAPTER XVII.
BATTLE OF MARQUINO.

Marquino, March 25, 1899.

Orders came last night to pack up, get one hundred and sixty pounds of ammunition and three rays' rations and start at two o'clock in the morning. We marched about five miles to Company A, Colorado Regiment's camp, where we left our tents, knapsacks, and loaded up more ammunition, and were then taken down the Marquino road, where a squad of eight men was left every twenty paces. The

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night was as dark as a stack of black cats, the dust was suffocating, perfect silence was enforced; when a stop was made each man invariably bumped into the man ahead of him, and it was something to be remembered, those long, quiet files, plodding along, silent as the grave, when, at a word, they could have made as much noise as if all the imps of hell had broken loose. At daybreak, we advanced in extended order, privates and corporals in front, then the sergeants, and behind them the commissioned officers. When we had gone a half mile, the insurgents opened up and gave us a sudden and vigorous reception, but we drove them back. They made another stand at a half ruined church, but, not caring for our company, they started on and we followed.

It was interesting to watch the men in the chase, some of the officers insisted on their men firing by volleys, most of the boys were firing at will. Some would shoot as fast as they could load, others would go along and not fire a shot unless they could shoot to kill. "Champagne Harry" was about three minutes getting a bead on a goo-goo, but had no cartridge in his gun, and when he pulled the trig-

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ger he went straight up in the air. His gun kicks like a pile-driver, so he made preparations accordingly, and when it did not kick at all, on account of having no load, his surprise was painful to behold.

During the advance, Grimes, of Company I, was shot, the bullet going in behind the ear and coming out of the mouth. He was lying on the ground, vomiting blood, when the Utah Artillery surgeon, who had been temporarily detailed to our regiment, came along and declared, "He won't live fifteen minutes." Dr. Beck, who was sharpshooting on the right, saw him fall and, tearing open a first-aid package, plugged up the hole in the roof of his mouth. The action nearly choked Grimes so he coughed the cotton out and the hemorrhage commenced again. Once more, the doctor plugged the bullet hole and Grimes, mercifully fainting just then, he was enabled to stop the flow of blood, so Grimes was placed in the ambulance, then to the hospital, and is walking the streets of Minneapolis today.

About ten o'clock, the whole line was halted and General Hall called for scouts, one man from each company of the First Batallion. He

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showed us a map of the country and said for us to go find a certain road. We started out in front of the line in four directions, under command of an F company sergeant, and soon crossed the road we were looking for. Noticed something glint under a tree, and looking close, I saw an insurgent sentinel, standing looking at the long American line. I was to the left of the sergeant, so edged away to report to him, when I noticed him standing like a setter dog, and, following his gaze, saw, about two hundred yards away, about forty insurgents in trenches at the top of the hill, looking down at us. Why they did not shoot, I do not understand, but we made a very dignified retreat and reported what we had seen to General Hall. The men, in the meantime, had got very thirsty and had no water; knew there was not any behind, so they went out in front looking for it. Peanuts and Graham had found a beautiful spring, and, whilst drinking, the goo-goos from the hill pumped a volley into them. Peanuts threw himself down on the ground and thought it best to lie there till the insurgents had got over their hurry, but Tom would not do that; he had left his gun behind and would not lie

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down, so Peanuts, not wanting to see him filled full of holes, came back with him to where we were lying under shelter, the pair of them still quarreling, Tom, of course, getting the last word. "You blankety blank blank, you ought to be taken out of the army and put to a wet nurse." "Do you think I was going to stand out there and get shot without a gun?" Tom growled. Just then, Wyman ran in from the front of the line where he had been hunting water and cried out, "Where is B Company?" He had lived with us almost a year and did not recognize a soul. Sergeant Raths went out into the hail of bullets and pulled him in under cover. It was a noble action. Raths had been using his seargent's stripes to discipline me with and I had some old scores laid up against him, but that action wiped them out. Peanuts gave Wyman some water and he soon came around again.

In the meantime, General Hall sent the two Colorado companies around and attacked the insurgents on the flank and they broke and fled. Shortly after this, an order came to send thirty men from each company back to the Colorado camp for ammunition. We started

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out. No one seemed to know in what direction we lay from any place, and it appeared as though we had to walk twelve or fifteen miles over the ground that we had traversed in two hours in the morning. We hiked through the hot sun, fried out like mummies, our bodies parboiling in our own perspiration, till finally we arrived at the Colorado camp. When we left it in the morning it was deserted, now it was a rendezvous for ammunition trains, supply wagons, and a hospital corps, bringing in wounded from the field, a telegraph office under a tree, and mules loaded with wire, ready to string out over the ground loose, so that as the commanding officer advances he is still in communication with Manila. Well, we got our ammunition, which was loaded on buffalo carts, and started out. Of course, there was no road, so we went straight across country. There are little ridges in the rice fields to hold the water, about a foot high; every time a cart came to a ridge it would get stuck and we had to lift or push it over, then crossing ravines we had to pull and push and sweat and swear. Several buffaloes got ugly, ran away, and rolled in the water and the boys had to pull and tote

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the ammunition up onto the bank. This work lasted till dark, and then it appeared our commanding officer disappeared, or had not returned with us, and there we were left in the dark, with insurgents all around, our comrades possibly needing the ammunition, the men from different companies, all tired and worn out with their hard labor, and not a man knew whether we were going in the right direction or not.

Finally, the boys came to the conclusion that we were not going right, so we wheeled around and started square across from the direction we had been traveling. Some went ahead and dug a path, others chopped down trees, others pushed on the carts, all cussed and quarreled to their hearts' content. I was so tired and worn out that I did not care whether we found camp or not, whether the insurgents got us or not, so I would lie down and rest at the stoppages and plod along behind the outfit when it was in motion. At last, one of the boys ran against the half ruined church we had passed in the morning and we knew our way from there. We arrived about nine o'clock. Jack had got some rice straw, so I rolled along-

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side and went to sleep. About midnight the insurgents poured a volley into camp. Was sleeping on the outside of the company, but, somehow or other, when I heard the noise and before I was awake, I had jumped over Jack and was lying behind a small hillock where I remained till I got my wits together. The bullets came in showers and soon we heard the Krags of the Colorado men answering by volley. We hustled out and formed in line in the darkness and soon Major Diggles gave the command, "Forward, Guide Center!" We could not see our hand in front of us let alone guide center, but that made no difference, we reached the Colorado boys just as their ammunition was expended, and the insurgents, hearing us coming, retreated in the darkness, swearing at us in Tagalog. Some of the Colorado boys were already out of ammunition when we arrived and were busy digging trenches with their bayonets for their comrades. We lay there in skirmish line all night and at daybreak got orders to march to the place from whence we came thirty hours ago, and toward evening we might have been seen straggling back, tired, footsore, and hungry;

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but we would not have been anywhere else for the world. Here we rested twenty-four hours, and, next evening, we marched back to Manila and then out to Caloocan, about fifteen miles. We arrived there sometime after midnight and lay down in the ranks and slept on the ground till daylight. When we were chasing goo-goos at Marquino, the other regiments were advancing on Mololos, the insurgent capital, and now we were brought around to act as reserve to that advance.

CHAPTER XVIII.
IN THE RESERVE.

Marilon, March 29, 1899.

From Caloocan went to Marilon, where the South Dakota Regiment had such a hard fight yesterday. They lost three officers and ten men killed and twenty-one wounded at the bridge where we are located. The American dead and wounded were taken into Manila. The dead insurgents are lying around in all directions and in all manner of positions, bloated, swollen up, and smelling like a charnal

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house. I noticed several had their throats cut. We passed the burial squad coming up; the ground is hard; the dead goo-goos numerous, and in order to expedite the work someone jabs the dead bodies with a bayonet. The gas escapes and so it does not need so large a hole. In the afternoon, the major loaded us up with one hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition and went on an expedition on the flank, the insurgents ran away and we were too tired—too footsore—to follow. We got into camp about dark and could not sleep on account of the bad smell from the dead bodies and the biting of the mosquitoes. Next day, we marched through Bocaue and Bigaa and reached Guiguinto about dark, when we went into camp. The brick depot is filled with wounded men and others are coming in. One lady nurse is out here on the firing line. Her name is Mrs. Boynton. The engineer corps are making a temporary bridge for the wagons to cross over. The road is filled with blue army wagons, two four-horse and one six-horse ambulance, and a line of buffalo carts, a mile long. Here we got orders to go into camp and keep the line of railroad open be-

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tween here and Marilou. The boys are about fagged, their shoes are worn out, some have nothing but the shoestrings left. The only way a number of the boys can move at all is towards the front. "Windy Bill" has more skin visible than his pantaloons cover. The major asked him what his pants were made of, and Bill remarked, "Fresh air, I guess." Several of the boys have no shirt, and, taking the company as a whole, Coxey's army would be a respectable aggregation compared to this. Aunty Bates still sits on her nest egg, complacently waiting for somebody to send us something. The towns we passed through from Manila here have all been burned down, the rice piles still burning, the inhabitants have fled, and chicken and eggs are plentiful.

Heenan and I were out with a scouting party when we came across a lot of liquors and cigars in a ricestack. We told the other boys, and Sergeant Hemphill, who was along, would not allow us to take any of the stuff. The boys made such a roar that he compromised by allowing us to take two bottles (we also stowed away several others); going to camp got thirsty, so sat down and drank one of them, and

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then it developed that the other had disappeared. Heenan, who had been carrying it, dropped behind and gave it to me. I emptied it into my canteen and went along as though it was water. Finally, suspicion was directed against me, so I changed canteens with Heenan who had been searched, and was soon in a position to prove I was not the guilty party. We surprised them three times that day. First, when the bottles were found, then when they were lost, and, again, after supper, when we went around and gave the boys a drink. The bottle of cognac we made into a punch, and the one labelled "Pure Scotch Whisky" we opened and found so atrociously rank that we filled it with water and gave it to the major for a present.

Bulacan, April 8.

Captain Rowley and about twenty of us went down to Bulucan, a town of about eight thousand in the piping times of peace, but now the population is reduced to a few Chinamen, who run a beno factory, and a few natives, who are half dead with smallpox. We went through the town and not a shot was fired. The insurgent soldiers had been quartered in

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the church and convent and we found their regimental chests, ammunition, band instruments, etc., just as they had left them. In one room was an immense amount of priest's robes and dresses of different descriptions, made of silk and satin, with gold and silver beading and trimmings. They were scattered over the floor and it looked as though all the priests on the island had come here and undressed and then ran away to the insurgent army, for not a blessed one was in sight. Six days after this we noticed in the "American" newspaper in Manila that Major Bell and a batallion of the Kansas Regiment had that day captured Bulucan.

CHAPTER XIX.

MIDNIGHT ATTACK ON THE RAILROAD.

Guiguinto, April 10, 1899.

At this time, the Minnesota Regiment was guarding the railroad between Marilon and Mololos, a distance of about fifteen miles. The companies were camped at Santa Isabel, Guiguinto, Bigaa and Bocaye, and the soldiers used

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to patrol the track between the camps during the night. On each side of the track, just beyond the range of the Americans' rifles were the insurgents. We had already had several skirmishes with them, when this night, they made a simultaneous attack on the camps, along the road. Company B got orders to march to Santa Isabel where Company F was stationed; when we got there, they were just bringing in the body of Jesse Cole, whom the goo-goos had killed with boloes. Shortly afterward, we heard firing from the direction of Bocaue and it seemed to be coming closer all the time. Just then, Blend and I and two Company F boys, got orders to patrol into Mololos. We had never been there before. The night was very dark, the fighting was coming up the line behind us uncomfortably near. We did not know but that some insurgents were also in front of us, but we got between the two streaks of rust and started out. When near Mololos, we heard an American pair of shoes coming along and halted them. It was General Wheaton, walking ahead of his staff and escort of thirty men from the Fourth Cavalry. He asked how things were where we

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came from and started away, pulling his beard. We went into Mololos, reported and started back again, and arrived at Santa Isabel about daybreak. Found that Company B had gone back to Guiguinto, so followed them, and were just in time to see their coattails whisking into the timber about a mile away, where they were chasing the insurgents. The insurgents had been shooting into the camp for several hours and when daylight came the boys got out the armoured car and made a charge and drove them back. They then pushed the car down to Bigaa and found our boys out chasing them over the rice fields and did not need any help, so they went down to Bocane and there helped drive them back. I was about an hour behind them and just as tired as they, so lay down and rested, watching the boys as they came in from the hike. Some were feeling fine, never walked straighter in their lives. Silent men were cracking jokes. Some were so sore-footed they were doubled up with pain, and others came plodding along, gritting their teeth and determined to stay for the big show. The insurgents attacked the railroad at four different places. At one, they got possession of a build-

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ing across the track from the camp. At another, they got into the kitchen and stole the eatables and filled the pans and tents with bullet holes, and, at Marilou, they stole the wagon train from an Oregon company, cut out an outpost of four men, killed, three dead, and stripped them all naked and decamped.

Santa Maria, April 12.

Started early this morning with the Minnesota and Oregon Regiments and two cannon to pay the insurgents back in their own coin. We found them at Santa Maria, when they checked us for sometime, but when the artillery opened up they made tracks. We went over the entrenchments and through the town past the intrenched loopholed church and at the other side of town Major Bell, chief of the staff to General Otis, halted us and called for scouts, three from B and three from I companies, and then started us out ahead to stir up the hornets. The insurgents would keep potting at us and whenever we saw a good shot we would return the compliment. When on the top of a hill, an I Company man called me over to him and said, "Do you see that fellow over there with

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the rifle?" Told him I did. "Well, just watch me wing him." He fired and a water buffalo, a hundred yards on this side fell over with his legs in the air. Well, the day was hot, the sun fierce, and the firing line came along so fast that we had to keep on a jog trot to keep ahead of them. The retreating insurgents were potting us more or less all the time. We came to a small town, found it deserted, so kept going along till we came to a hill top and there saw the goo-goo army in full retreat. Major Bell* then called for volunteers, and eleven men stepped out and he exclaimed, "Let's cut out that ammunition train." And away we went, over streams, through bushes and ravines, till we came upon the usual accompaniment of a retreating army, buffalo carts filled with ammunition, wounded men, and supplies of all kinds. We cut the traces of the buffaloes and left the carts in the road. One whale of a buffalo lunged forward with one trace cut and upset a half dozen carts and when we thought a stampede was imminent they turned to and ate grass. During this time, the insurgent rear guard was potting at us for keeps. Then the

*Now Major General Bell, U. S. A.

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Major got a white rag, put it on a stick, and told us to follow him and be sure not to fire a shot. We started up the rice field and the farther we got the fiercer the bullets came. We were in the open, in a straight line, about fifty yards apart, the Major in the middle with his little white rag. An I Company man on the right, seeing six insurgents in a bunch firing at us, shot into them. The Major yelled at him to cease firing, but the soldier was out for blood and would not stop. He turned on the Major and replied, "What in h—l do you take me for? Do you think I am fool enough to stand there and let those sons-of— kill me?" The rest of us had stopped during this controversy, except one man on the left who kept walking up toward the insurgents in front. The Major just then caught sight of him and yelled to him to come back, but the soldier could not hear, so the Major left the man who persisted in shooting and ran after the other escaped lunatic. We all turned in and started to shoot now, and sniped away whenever we saw them running from tree to tree. The Major came back with the soldier and as the case was now desperate, he stood up and told us where the best shots

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were and we laid down on the rice ridges and sniped at them. We could not silence their fire, however, so the Major, seeing them all bunching directly in front of us, ordered us to volley fire and after we had shot probably a score of volleys there were but few scattering replies. Asked the lunatic what he had been walking up to the insurgents for, and he said "There was an officer there, giving commands in English, and I wanted to have a look at him." We were now about fifteen miles from Bocane and our shoes, through fording the streams and drying in the hot sun, had contracted so that the shoestrings were bursting, so we went back and met the battalion coming to our aid, and everyone turned around and marched to Santa Maria where the rest of the regiment and the Oregons were waiting for us. They had found the clothing from the dead Oregon boys in the church and the whole town had gone up in smoke. From here, we marched to Bocane and then took the train to Guiguinto; half way there the train broke in two and we had to get out and hike the remainder of the way, arriving in camp according to our powers of endurance, some at six

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o'clock and others at midnight. When we left camp here, three days ago, we had bushels of mangoes lying ripening under our bunks and chickens fattening in crates and tethered out by one leg, but when we came back we found the South Dakota boys had been doing guard duty in our absence, and had eaten up every blessed chicken in sight. When scouting beyond Santa Maria, one soldier was "frisking" some of the buffalo carts when Major Bell, seeing him, roasted him to a finish. Asked his name and regiment. Told him he was a disgrace to the company and regiment and to the uniform he wore, and that if he did it again he would be turned over to his company commander for punishment.

CHAPTER XX.

IN THE HOSPITAL.

Manila, April 30, 1899.

Have been in the First Reserve Hospital ten days with opthamalia. This place was used by the Spaniards for a hospital and is invitingly cool and clean. The cots have mosquito netting and wire springs. Have four kinds of

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diets, heavy, light, liquor, and special. There are from fifteen to eighteen hundred men in the hospital all the time. It is the Eighth Army Corps' debating ground, the men from different regiments, sent down indiscriminately, here meet on common ground and discuss movements, tactics, the qualifications and characteristics of the various regiments and—officers. There are some, and the very large majority, that the men would die for—or fight for at the drop of the hat. There are a few that the common, cheap, fifteen-dollars-per-month private looks down upon as he would on stinking fish.

Grayson, the soldier from Company D, First Nebraskas, the man who fired the first shot on February fourth, the shot that rang around the world, was just leaving the ward as I went in.

An Oregon Lieutenant in the ward was wounded in a peculiar manner. He was stationed at Marilou, where there is not much shade, and the atmosphere was yet foul with the stench from the dead bodies, so in the middle of the day he would go five or six hundred yards from camp to a bunch of bamboo and enjoy the coolness of the shade along the river. One day he was sitting with his back

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to the trees and his legs crossed in the air, reading a novel, when an insurgent sneaked up behind and fired his Mauser at the officer's head. The bullet missed the head, but hit the toe, and the native made tracks, followed by some shots from the Lieutenant's revolver. He swam the river and got away, leaving his hat, a bolo, and a hole through the Lieutenant's toe. About this time a number of lady nurses came from New York on the "Grant" and one was detailed to this ward. Why she was not detailed to the Lieutenant I have not been able to find out, for, though there were one hundred men in the ward, she passed three-fourths of the time with the Lieutenant and the other one-fourth with the ninety-nine privates.

Lying across the ward from me was a young Utah Artillery bugler, who, through blowing the bugle when he had a sore on his lips, contracted blood poison. His face was black and blue and the pain was so intense that his groans and moans disturbed the other patients so much that he was moved to a veranda just outside of the building. A lady nurse was detailed to care for him and she was so attentive and careful of him that I will never forget how the

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poor little hero, his face black and blue and distorted with pain, his eyes swollen shut, would speak to her as gently and gratefully as a lover, whilst, between the words, he could not suppress the groans and cries of agony. The nurse was such a contrast to the one in our ward that when the poor fellow died, I inquired the lady's name, and was informed that her name was Miss Erickson, and that she was from St. Paul.

I was down to the goo-goo hospital where our hospital stewards practice on the wounded Philippine prisoners who are fortunate in not being able to get away. When Colonel Arguelles and Lieutenant Bernal, two envoys from Aguinaldo, who came to Manila to discuss terms of peace with General Otis, came down and visited their unfortunate com-patriots and were agreeably surprised to see the humane manner in which the Americans treated their prisoners. They offered each man a dollar. Several took it, and seemed glad to get it, while others refused the money and turned their heads away.

I also saw the Oregon boy who had been left for dead at the outposts of Marilou and it

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appears he is going to recover in spite of the sixteen knife wounds.

There are busy times at the front now. Each night, when the train comes in, a line of dead and wounded are brought up to the hospital. Colonel Stoltenburg, of the Nebraska Regiment, was brought in today with the stars and stripes lying across his body. The dead are brought in on stretchers, their clothes covered with mud and perspiration, and sometimes blood, their feet tied together with a white rag, their hands tied across their breasts. Each body had a little red, white and blue tag, on which was written the poor fellow's name and regiment. Twenty-four dead and eighty-one wounded were brought in today.

CHAPTER XXI.
WITHOUT A FIELD OFFICER.

Bocane, May 6, 1899.

I was sitting around camp, wondering when we could bid Dewey goodbye, and slap Major Phelan, of San Francisco, on the back and tell

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him he is a good fellow, when the Captain came along and said that the insurgents were expected to attack the four walls, all that is left standing of the town of Bocane, so we climbed aboard the train and the engineer pulled the throttle. We had no headlight, and went like a blue streak of lightning for a few minutes, then a sudden stop and we climbed off at Bocane. We had not been stationed here before. It was eleven o'clock at night and so dark we could not tell in what direction the morning lay. The only time we could see anything was when the lightning lit up the neighborhood. Was an outpost and did not do a thing but claw mosquitoes all night. Toward morning, an engine and a coach came through the darkness with a roar, a mile down the track the insurgents fired a volley into them. Next morning, we learned that the coach carried Major Diggles, shot through the head, to the First Reserve Hospital, where he died six days afterward. He was in command of the Companies of the Minnesota Regiment who were with Lawton's flying column when killed, and his death left the Regiment without a field officer at the front. Colonel Ames is

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sick in Manila, Lieutenant Colonel Fredericks* is in the United States on sick leave, Major Bean is in charge of Bilibad Prison, and Major Diggles is dying.

Bocane, May 7.

Still at Bocane, on outpost duty. Last night about midnight heard Remington shots from the houses to right of track, but no bullets came over our heads. In the morning a German and two natives, a man and a woman, came from the village to the right. They had a pass from General Otis, ordering officers to furnish them a guard to go to Bocane to move some property. Smith, Thom and myself were detailed for that purpose. The native town was a mile from the track and on the way down I noticed the woman was greatly agitated, continually wringing her hands and crying, "Gracios de Dios" (by the grace of God), so asked them what the trouble was, and the German said that they came out from Manila, the previous day, and went up into the bario (village) to stay with some friends. In the middle of the night, some ladrones came to the village where some good amigos live and robbed everybody they thought had any money.

*Since died at Red Wing.

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One house was barricaded, so they shot the place full of holes. The German and two natives contributed their mite, then the ladrones took the man and woman outside, stood the German against the wall of the casa, shot several holes through his white helmet, slit his clothes with their boloes, without cutting the skin, just to show how expert they were, and finally made him take his shoes off and threw him an old pair he could not wear at all. The native man seemed to be thick-headed or else had not got over his experience, but the woman was smart, talkative and stout, and she soon told me their little tale of woe, which was to the effect that before the insurrection broke out her husband and son were engaged in dealing in rice and tobacco at Bocane, where they both had large houses and warehouses, which are now, as well as every other building in town, burned down and only the stone foundations are left to show that houses once stood there. We went to the son's house first and they dug down where the house had stood until they came to a pit and took out two thousand dollars in silver, then went to the old folks' place and dug down until they came

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to some planks. Moved them away and found underneath twelve earthenware jars filled with silver money. Some of the money was wrapped in paper, which was black and discolored with fire or age. In this "cache," there was twelve thousand, making fourteen thousand dollars altogether, all in silver. It required twelve natives to carry it to the railroad, where it was put aboard the train and taken into Manila.

They also took a good looking native girl back with them, and her story was a sad one. Other natives that I asked for corroboration said it was not only true, but quite common. When the Americans advanced, the insurgents wanted her father to carry arms or give a certain amount of money to their cause, which he declined to do, so they caught him one night and cut his throat, ransacked the house and carried his wife and two daughters (this one not being at home) to the mountains where they still remain.

Last night on the outpost, the mosquitoes or insects were so fierce that our faces are swollen up where we had been bitten. We had no doctor along, so Charlie Law and Tom

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Graham went on the train to town for some medicine for us. They cut quite a dash going down the Escolta. Charlie used to be a nice Sunday School boy and a model of neatness when selling ten-dollar suits for twenty-five dollars at the Plymouth, but to associate that gentleman with the individual who walked alongside Tom Graham required quite a stretch of the imagination. He wore a dirty undershirt and a pair of brown pants, one leg being gone at the knee and no socks, and a pair of old shoes, cut into strips for the convenience of the dobie itch. He had a dinky hat, hanging on a dozen hairs, his beard grew all over his face and was about four inches long, and his eyes swollen shut with the poison. By his side marched Tom Graham, typical son of Old Erin, whose red Galway whiskers bristled straight out from each side of his comical Irish face, and his eyes swollen so that they looked like gimlet holes flashing at the people who stared at them as they marched along. Finally, he said to Charlie, "Look! Everybody is stopping to look at us," and Charlie answered, "D—n them, let them look. Am I to blame if they never saw an honest man be-

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fore?" They went to Major Fitzgerald to get some medicine. He offered them the use of his bathroom and the gift of some underwear, but Charlie replied, "D—n the underwear, give us some medicine."

CHAPTER XXII.
ON OUTPOST DUTY.

Guiguinto, May 12, 1899.

Was on commissary detail today and got orders to move to Guiguinto. Have been on outpost five nights out of seven. This is the night I am not, and it is a huge satisfaction to anticipate a good night's rest, for the sun is not so hot nor the mosquitoes so large at Guiguinto.

Yesterday, was out with McKeever on guard and he thought he would swim across the river and burn up a rice stack, so went and made a blaze and started back, when bum, bum, behind him, and McKeever started out for dear life. When near the bank of the river, a large explosion shook the earth and McKeever dived into the water and did not come up till he

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reached the other side. It appears the insurgents had some ammunition stored in the stack and as the fire reached it the cartridges exploded. McKeever could not see what the trouble was and thought the natives were after him. When the whole box of cartridges exploded he thought the whole insurgent army had opened upon him and the desperate efforts he made to annihilate space was something that ought to be seen to be appreciated.

Guiguinto, May 18.

The outposts now are not sent out till after dark and brought in just before daybreak. Six men compose an outpost, which is divided into reliefs, two men in each relief. It appears Captain McQuade is in the course of seniority acting Major, and last night made the men line up and have guard mount in the dark before going on outpost. It was so dark the inspecting officer could not see a box car, five feet away, let alone the rust on a gun. The corporals in charge of outposts got instructions that no man should be allowed to load his gun until he arrived on outpost and then only at the corporal's command, and on no account was a

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man to load his magazine. This would be fine on Nicollet Avenue, but when we remember this is the enemies' country, that the outpost is supposed to be secret and unseen, that the enemies' chief modes of attack are surprises and ambuscades, then we wonder why men should be stuck out in the rice swamps with guns and no cartridges in them and have a decoy corporal hallooing for the wolves to come to the lambs.

In the afternoon, eight of us were loaded down with two hundred rounds of ammunition and three days' rations, and ordered to Calumpit, where we learned we had to herd several hundred Chinamen who were busy putting together the track that the insurgents had torn up. This is the place where Privates White and Twombly, of the Kansas Regiment, swam the river in face of the enemies' fire, and where Colonel Funston gained his brigadier's straps. The whole town is one mass of excavation and entrenchments, looks as though they had tried to turn it the other side up. The insurgents tore up the railroad track from here to Balwag. At the latter place, they let down one span of the iron bridge into the river. They used

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the railroad rails as a cover for the top and front of their trenches. They unriveted boilers from engines and placed them in their half circular form over the trenches, leaving an opening four inches wide in front to shoot through. The top of the trench was furrowed with bullets, whilst the dents in the boiler at the rear showed that our boys had shot through that four-inch hole;—silent testimonials of the accuracy of the aim of the American Volunteers.

The whole town is burned down. Near the bridge is a huge pile of rice that has been burning two weeks and at the present time is twenty feet high, forty feet across the top and one hundred and fifty across the base. Near where we were working is the body of a dead insurgent in an awful state of decomposition. He must have crawled into the bushes when wounded and was not found by the burial squad and now it is impossible to get near him on account of the stench.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

"JOB'S COMFORTERS" IN CAMP.

Had been troubled with boils when I came up here, and now they are getting so bad that I cannot keep track of the Chinks any more. They all look alike to me. The only way we could be sure we had them was to count them once in a while. If we came within a dozen or twenty we were doing well. A contractor furnished them to the government at so much per.

Went down to the Third Artillery doctor, who looked at my boils and said, "Why, they are not boils; they are abscesses," and told me to go to quarters and poultice them. Well, I was not sure where my quarters were, but liked Guiguinto best, so went down there and when Doctor Law came around I presented myself and my troubles to him. That was just in his line. Out came the lancet and he made a jab at me; then pinched the core out with his finger and thumb, then another jab and he pinched the core out. Then another one; it

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was too green; would not come, so I fainted away. Four days later it burst and I enjoyed great satisfaction in cheating the doctor out of the pleasure of jabbing me again.

June 2.

Jack has a boil on his hand and thought it about ripe. We had no doctor, so borrowed Cole's pocket knife, tied a piece of wood on each side of the blade, an eighth of an inch from the point. I held his hand flat on the table with one hand, with the other I held the point of the knife on the boil whilst Jack hit it with the heel of his shoe. He must have struck too hard for the tent was not large enough to hold him. Bill Moore came running up and, looking at the boil, said, "What, are you busting a boil?" Jack replied, weakly, "No, we are making an apple pie." The performance reminded me of the man who tied his tooth to the door and then told his wife to open it.

On June 7th, Worthington, of H. Company, walked away from camp and has not been seen since; two days later James Walsh, of L Company, on his way to his Company, was seen at Caloocan and then dropped out of existence.

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As the Americans only hold the territory that they cover with the range of their rifles these men are either murdered or taken prisoners.

From Guiguinto, we moved into a camp on the rice fields between Bocaue and Marilou, where each man started to make himself as comfortable as possible. Some would go to a native casa and taking the roof off bodily would place it over their own tent. Others went to the burned depot and got tin roofing. Some used native matting and others bare tents. During the day the place would look deserted, about train time the unkempt, unshaven mortals who composed this Coxey's Army would be found sitting along the track, concocting pipe stories to exchange for commissary goods and making a show of feet, some vicious, some cold, others covered with dobie itch, poison, sores, bruises, or blisters, and they would look at the well-groomed, fresh-looking, well-dressed regulars going out on the train to the front and think long, deep thinks. We got mail every three or four weeks, every mail day was just like a Sunday, and a Sunday without mail was just like another day. Jack's father used to send us all the illustrated weeklies,

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and our tent was used as a reading-room. The boys who had trouble with non-coms or non-combatants were always sure of sympathy there. The nights have been as black as ink lately and the mosquitoes ravenous. We go to bed with the blanket tied around our ankles and neck and then the mosquitoes will get into bed and drive us out. The natives would rather fight than eat, rather tell lies than the truth, the only thing that stays with a man is his appetite and that would leave him if he did not separate himself from his fifteen dollars per to help keep body and soul together.

We have baseball games in the cool of the evening, when the players get on the diamond and the rooters on the grandstand trenches; it was an even bet which one worked the hardest. One evening, "Windy Bill" hit Meggison in the face with the ball and knocked him senseless. As he did not come around, we placed him on a hand car and pumped him down to Marilou to the doctor; shortly after that Worden, trying to make a base, stepped into a hole and broke his leg, and was taken to the hospital. That settled it. Goodbye, baseball, goodbye.

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During a rough house this afternoon, Tom Graham, who was sleeping, was hit in the face with a ripe mango. His name was on the list for outpost duty, so he went to the top sergeant and said he was sick—sick with what? Want of sleep. Well, we had no doctor, so had to take Tom's word for it, so he felt good and Snyder and he got into an argument.

Snyder asked, "Do you believe these people are capable of self-government? Do you think they can be taught to govern themselves?"

And Tom replied, "Why shouldn't they? They are smarter than the white Crackers in the Southern states and have been taught nothing. Just look at them. They won't eat hard-tack. They won't eat pork and beans. Why, man, do you think they have to eat a white man's food in order to learn how to govern themselves?"

The sophistry of this argument staggered Snyder for a minute, then he came back:

"You remind me of a Cracker yourself."

"Me? Why?" Tom snapped out.

"Because you are made of Graham."

When Tom came out of his trance, he delivered himself of the following:

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"My friend, Grover Cleveland, when he got struck by lightning the second time, having boils on his seat of judgment and not being troubled with military lockjaw, was satisfied to pull down the flag at Honolulu, and then the United States was bounded by the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, but, now, by purchase, diplomacy, and the benevolent assimilation of the goo-goos, by shooting civilization into them with Krag-Jorgensons, we have developed so that we are bounded on the north by the North Pole, on the south by the Southern Cross, on the west by the day of judgment, and on the east by George Dewey. That may be here, there, or any place, where George's coattails are flapping in the breeze; sometimes dropping a shell into a prayer meeting, again training shrapnel to climb trees to get sharpshooters, to the inconvenience of the goo-goo army and the satisfaction of the American soldier, who stops thinking of home and mother long enough to roll a wad of tobacco from one side of his mouth to the other, and mutter a string of profanity that usually finishes with the sentiment, 'Well done, by George.'"

For convenience sake, the boys speak of

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Malacayan as "Mike Ryans," St. Pedro Macayte at "St. Peter McCarty," and the natives as the "O'Hooleys." Snyder remarked they must be Irish, and Tom Graham said, "Yes, they are, they're smoked Irish."

Emory, the Owl, had a fire in his casa, smoking mosquitoes out, when Manning came along and dropped a handful of powder and a couple of cartridges into the fire. The result was startling. Flames oozed out from every crevice and the Owl came out with murder in his eye, looking for the instigator of the outrage. He made quite a contrast to the Emory who enlisted in Minneapolis, with a suit of store clothes and a white wide collar on, that looked like the white-washed walls around a lunatic asylum, and was so high he had to jump up to look over it. Tonight he still wears a neck collar and a pair of shoes.

Peanuts was telling about the Indian who said, "White man heap big fool, build big fire, go long ways off, Indian make small fire, sit astride it." So the Owl, after listening for some time, went and built a small smudge and was alternately rubbing his eyes and keeping the mosquitoes from pecking his bald head

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when Priebe came along and dropped the top of the casa on top of him. Priebe started out when he saw the damage he had done. The Owl pulled himself together, grabbed a club and, meeting Priebe coming around a corner, struck and knocked him senseless. We pulled him into a tent and worked over him and, when he came to and remembered the circumstances, started to grin. We felt relieved. Had made no excitement about the affair; the officers did not know about it, so no one was arrested.

The dogs in this neighborhood are getting desperate with hunger. Now that the natives cannot keep the Yankee pigs back, the canines are sorrowing for the lost cause and meet nightly near our camp and sing the doxology. Frequently a little pup or small dog would get mixed up with the larger ones, seeking consolation in their mutual distress and hunger. Instead of giving the little fellow the glad hand, the large ones would start and chase the little fellow till he is played out and then turn to and eat him up. They seem to have become Americanized to some extent at least. The big fish eat up the little ones, dog-gone monopolists.

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CHAPTER XXIV.
THE RAINY SEASON.

July 15, 1899.

As the rainy season has commenced, we were marched down to the Convent De La Lumboid into winter quarters. This is a large stone building, situated one mile from the track, midway between Bocaue and Marilou. The walls are stone, three feet wide, with a red tile roof. It was used by the Spaniards for a convent, by the Filipinos for a hospital, and by the Americans for a barracks. Was up here a week ago and found the building full of old bamboo bunks, insurgents' uniforms, bloody bandages, the walls smattered with blood, and on the floor lay several dead bodies, or rather what the dogs had left of them, and what the dogs had not got the maggots had. Four Companies are stationed here, H, C, I and B. We were the last Company into quarters, so got the room the dead bodies had been lying in. This was the chapel, a beautiful room, forty feet high, finished in white and gold. The

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bones had been swept out, but the blood had soaked into the boards and the hair was lying around. Many of the men could not sleep on the floor with their noses near the blood, so they passed the night wandering around, like the lost tribes of Israel. Next morning, Peanuts went down to the hospital and stole some carbolic acid and a pailful of lime, and the atmosphere was soon healthier, though not pleasant.

We get better food here and they tell us it is from the regimental fund, so that settled the question—we have a fund, after all.

July 20.

We now have guardmount and dress parade in the evening. Last night, when the command was given, "Officers, Center March," a number of the boys, led by Frank Campbell, whistled the "Rogues' March," as the officers marched up to report to the Battalion Commander, whilst the boys who could not whistle hallooed out, "National Guard."

Out of one thousand one hundred wounded men in the First Reserve Hospital, eight hundred and twenty were wounded in the limbs and but three required amputation, two of the

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thigh and one of the shoulder. This is a handsome testimonial to the skill and intelligence of Surgeon Major Fitzgerald and his corps of assistants. The Major was detailed from the Thirteenth Minnesota and placed in charge of the surgical department of the First Reserve Hospital, and is as well known to the other regiments, comprising the Eighth Army Corps, as he is to his own.

On account of the large number of sick and wounded in the First Reserve Hospital, it was decided to have a regimental hospital at Malate, which was placed in charge of Dr. Beck, of Company I. The rent of the building, provisions, extra medicine, etc., was paid from the regimental fund, the number of patients ranged from forty to seventy-five, and it is a noteworthy fact, though not mentioned in the official histories of the Regiment, that during the five months he was in charge, with an average of fifty patients per day, not a single man died. In addition to the excellent success he had in curing the sick, the doctor earned the admiration of the Regiment by the pugnacity he used in chasing out cold feet. He would not read letters from influential parties, did not have an

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itching palm, nor even respected shoulder straps. When a man was able to eat three square meals per day he had to go out to the front.

The regimental Chaplain came down from Manila one day and the following conversation ensued:

Cressy: "What time do you have breakfast?"

Beck: "Seven o'clock."

Cressy: "You have dinner about twelve, I suppose?"

Beck: "Between twelve and one."

Cressy: "And supper about six?"

Beck: "Yes."

Cressy: "Well, I will try and get down about those times."

Beck: "You will?"

Cressy: "Yes."

Beck: "Yes, you will. Well, you won't. Do you take this for a boarding house? This is no free lunch room for officers. The government pays you good money to pay for your board—don't come here sponging on sick men."

Some time after this, Captain McQuade and Lieutenant Chambers drifted into the ward,

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each man with an elegant skate on. The doctor, seeing his patients disturbed and noting the condition of the officers, called out, "Here, you, what are you doing here?" They replied, "Oh, we are just going to lie down and have a sleep." The doctor roared back, "Well, you don't sleep here. Do you think this is a sanitarium? Do you think I am running a Keeley Institute here? Get out or I'll throw you out."

Ten of us, under Sergeant Phillips, of C Company, went on outpost at Marilou this evening. It rained all the way down and we got as wet as drowned rats. Instead of keeping us out on the rice fields as our non-coms would have done, this man (may his tribe increase!) took us to the brick supply house, placed a guard at each door, lit a large fire and played cards all night. Williams and I had the first relief. Noticed a small stream running along the track, about fourteen inches wide, when I went on guard. When I was relieved it was a gully, twenty feet across and eight or ten feet deep. Next morning, we were supposed to go on a scouting expedition, but in this case it was a straight bee-line to quarters. It has

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rained so fast and heavy that the road and surrounding country is covered with water and we could no more see the road than we could fly. Rain has been falling steadily now for eighty-four hours. It is impossible to dry a man's clothes from the time he comes off guard till he is called on again. Some of the boys take their shirts off and go around with a blanket round them like an Indian squaw. Tom Graham remarked, whilst taking his shirt off, "The reason an Irishman always smokes a short pipe is because he can take his shirt off without taking the pipe out of his mouth."

Half way between the railroad and the convent we passed the buffalo carts with provisions, stuck in the mud, and a score of soldiers, with nothing on but a pair of pants, doubled up to the knees, a dozen Chinamen and as many water buffaloes were making herculean efforts to get the carts, which were almost out of sight in the water, back to camp. We expect soon to see the sentinels going around on stilts or else carrying anchors instead of guns. A man ought to be web-footed to live here.

Rainfall from the "American" newspaper of July 25, 1899, printed in Manila:

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	Inches.
Rainfall, July 18	6.67
Rainfall, July 19	9.98
Rainfall, July 20	5.82
Rainfall, July 21	1.14
Total for four days	23.61
Rainfall for previous days in July	12.08
Total for 21 days of July	35.69

We were relieved today by Companies M and G, of the Sixteenth Regulars, one hundred and twelve men strong. Our companies have from twenty-five to forty-five men on duty. But sneaking through blind alleys after crooked googoos, double-timing across country under tropical skies, going hungry several days at a stretch, lying in trenches soaked to the skin, and pushing buffalo carts across country has reduced the companies until there are only from one-fourth to one-half the men doing duty. As soon as we arrived in Manila, the orders came for no soldier to leave quarters —then there was a row. Several of the boys were placed under arrest and the others made it so interesting for the commanding officers that

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finally permission came so that the boys, after being five months at the front, were grudgingly allowed to go outside to buy themselves something to eat.

This was our first start toward home and that night the whole company could have been heard swelling the chorus:

Home, boys, home, it's home you ought to be,
Home, boys, home, back in God's country,
Where the ash and the oak and the budding willow tree,
Are all growing green, back in North Americkee.

CHAPTER XXV.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE PHILIPPINES.

The Philippine Islands were discovered by Magellan, a Portuguese, who took possession in the name of the King of Spain. For two hundred years the Spanish Colony of the Philippines was governed from Mexico.

In 1574, Li-ma-hong, the Chinese pirate, attacked Manila, but was forced back. He then went to the north of the island, sacked and burned a Filipino village, then settled down

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and built joss houses, planted crops and was carving out a little kingdom for himself, when a war junk, sent by the Emperor of China, arrived in pursuit of him. The Spaniards joined forces with the Chinks and the pirate was attacked by land and sea. He offered his soldiers as a bait, and when the enemy was busy with them he escaped to sea with his junks. The soldiers on shore, instead of laying down their arms and becoming a willing sacrifice, kept going, forced themselves inward and joined the Igorotes, and doubtless the pirate blood, thus injected into that tribe, has had something to do with their unrelenting hostility to the Spaniards. They never were conquered, and at the time the Americans arrived on the Island did not and had never recognized Spanish rule.

In 1590, the wall of Manila was built, which, though covered with moss, is still in a good state of preservation. It is thirty feet in width, extends from shore to shore, with a moat to flood with water in front of the wall. There are five gates in the wall with a draw-bridge attachment. When the draw-bridges are up, and the moat filled with water, the city

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of Manila is virtually an island and provided the beseiger had no cannon would have been a hard proposition to go against.

In 1599, the Spaniards attempted to occupy Mindanao and the Sulu Islands. The Mohammedans gained the first battle, the Governor-General was killed and the expedition was a failure. It was an unfortunate affair; it aroused the hatred and hostility of the Moro pirates, and for two hundred years they robbed and sacked the Spanish settlements, burning the villages and carrying the inhabitants into slavery.

In 1603, two Chinese mandarins came to the Islands in pursuit of gold they had heard was to be found near Cavite. After they departed, the Spaniards were afraid of an attack from China. The Chinese in Manila were afraid of the warlike preparations made by the Spaniards, and the result was that the Chinese attacked the Spaniards in Tonda and Binonda. The battle raged all day long. Nearly all of the Spaniards were killed, no quarter was given, and at last the Chinese broke and fled toward the interior, leaving twenty-five thousand dead behind them.

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In 1633, the Emperor of Japan, angered by the efforts of the friars to convert his people, and grasping the fact that Spain's mode of conquest was to send the friars to spread religion, and then soldiers to protect the friars and their converts, became alarmed and ordered the friars back to Manila. They refused to go, so he seized twenty-six of the Franciscan friars, cut off their noses and ears, placed them in carts, and carried them from town to town on exhibition, and at Nagasaki the twenty-six were crucified and stabbed to death. That did not deter others from coming, however, and they were promptly burned to death. The Emperor then loaded up a ship-load of one-hundred and fifty lepers and sent them as a present to the Archbishop of Manila, with the advice that as the friars seemed to love the Japs so well he sent them so that the friars could have their loved ones at home.

In 1634, the Chinese, goaded by oppression, rose in rebellion, and would have won out had not the natives sided with the Spaniards.

In 1645, an earthquake came along and destroyed every public building in Manila, with the exception of one monastery and two

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churches. Over six hundred people were killed. The Spaniards then forced the natives into military service and compelled them to work on the arsenal at Cavite. Instead of building the arsenal, they revolted, and many battles were fought. The Spaniards carried on the war with savage cruelty, and broke up the rebellion. The Philippine leader, Sumoroy, escaped, so they raided his home, and tortured his mother to death. They then, by torture, compelled his soldiers to betray him, and they cut his head off and stuck it on a pole, and carried it around as a sample of what others might expect.

In 1775, a law was passed compelling all Chinese to be baptized into the Catholic Church. About two thousand did not care for that kind of religion, so were driven out of the country. That resulted in a deficit in the taxes of $30,000 per annum.

In 1754, a volcano broke out on Luzon, and kept busy for six months. The towns of Taal, Sala, Lipa and Sananan were buried entirely, and towns of fifteen miles distant were seriously damaged, while ashes fell at Manila thirty-four miles away.

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In 1755, the Spaniards started out to subdue or exterminate the Igorotes. Their villages were burned and men, women and children killed without mercy, but they would not submit. The government then offered to those who would accept the Catholic religion a free pardon, and to be exempt from tax or tribute the rest of their lives, but the offer was not accepted.

In 1762, the British captured Manila, and a year later, under the Treaty of Paris, restored it to the Spaniards again.

In 1765, a quarrel arose between the Jesuits and Augustine Friars, each accusing the other of cruelty to the natives and of interfering with the reins of government. Two years later the Jesuits were expelled by the Pope from the island, stayed away ninety-two years, and in 1859 returned.

In 1781 the growing and selling of tobacco was made a government monopoly; no man could grow or sell a leaf of tobacco without asking permission of the government. If he refused to grow tobacco on his land for three successive years the land was taken from him and given to some one else.

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John Foreman, in his book, "Philippine Islands," describes the condition of the native under government monopoly. "From sunrise to sunset the native grower was subject to domiciliary search for concealed tobacco—his trunks, his furniture and every nook and corner of his dwelling were ransacked. He and his family—wife and daughters—were personally examined, and often an irate husband, father or brother, goaded to indignation by the indecent humiliation of his kinswomen, would lay hands on his bolo-knife and bring matters to a bloody crisis with his wanton persecutors."

In 1812, the Spanish Cortes allowed the Filipinos representation at Madrid, and in 1837 they refused them representation.

In 1817 there was a great plague of cholera in Manila, about thirty thousand people died from it. A number of English and French merchants having remained after the English occupation, the natives conceived the idea that the foreigners had caused the epidemic by poisoning the water in the wells, so they killed all the foreigners before the government could interfere.

In 1828, a law was passed, forbidding for-

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eigners to buy land or sell merchandise; another law provided for a censorship of all books printed in the native language, so that the natives could not learn anything except just what their captors desired them to know.

In 1844, by royal ordinances, strangers were excluded from the interior, and in 1849 a royal order from Spain forbade foreigners from going into the interior.

In 1869, a proclamation offering free pardon to all ladrones who would present themselves within three months was issued. The result was quick and startling. Thousands became thieves and robbers, and entered into a three months' term of robbery, having promise of pardon at the expiration of that time.

In 1872, the natives and native soldiers in Cavite arose in insurrection, massacred their Spanish officers, and demanded the expulsion of the friars and the substitution of native priests. The revolt only lasted two days. Many of the natives were shot and three native priests, Drs. Burgos, Gomas and Zamora, were strangled on the garotte. The garotte used in Bilibad prison, in Manila, is at present in the State Historical Society room at the

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Capitol building, St. Paul, along with the shackles and chains that were on the prisoners' feet.

In 1877, the King's Regiment, Spanish regulars, revolted. A number were sent to Spain in disgrace; others suffered long terms of imprisonment, and every tenth man was told off to be shot.

In 1882, the cholera again visited Manila, and thirty thousand people died during the visitation.

In 1896, the government tried to persuade the influential men in the provinces where the Katipunian was the strongest, to move into the southern islands. The people would not be persuaded, so an order was issued to that effect, and the natives took to the woods. They then signed a large petition and sent it to Japan, asking to be annexed to that country. The Mikado sent the petition to the King of Spain, and soon the names of the petitioners were known in Manila. About this time Mariano Gil, formerly parish priest at Bigaa but now stationed at Tondo, learned, through the confession of a Katipunian named Aguedo Del Rosario, about the society. He was kept in pay

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of the Monks, but the Katipunian, becoming informed about the proceeding, he suddenly disappeared, and has not been heard from since, but he had already had time to divulge many secrets.

At this time Aguinaldo was sub-governor of Cavite Viejo, and hearing he was to be arrested, took the field against the Spaniards.

The Luna family also were ordered into banishment at this time. Juan Luna, a famous painter, joined Aguinaldo and became his secretary of war, and was killed in 1899.

His son was killed during the American advance on Malolos in 1899, and his body lies in San Fernando churchyard, with a wooden slab for a headstone.

Pedro Rojas, who at that time was a guest at the governor-general's palace, was seized as a traitor, paid a large sum of money to his captors and escaped, whilst the Spaniards confiscated his estate of 50,000 acres, his crops and 15,000 head of cattle. His cousin, Francisco Rojas, ship owner, was arrested and executed as a traitor.

On the 20th of August, 1896, the Cavite insurrection again broke out. The insurgents

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captured the Casa Hacienda of the Recolecton Friars at Imus, along with the Spanish soldiers and thirteen priests, and burned up the title deeds and leases. The priests were all killed, after undergoing horrible tortures. One was cut up into piecemeal, another saturated with oil and burned, and a third covered with oil, a bamboo run through the length of his body, and roasted to death. At Naic, the insurgents killed the officer in charge, ravished his eleven-year-old-daughter to death, and were digging a hole to bury his wife alive, when she was rescued and taken to Manila on the steam yacht Mariposa—raving mad.

A captured Spanish priest, named Father Piernavieja, was caught sending information to the Spaniards, so they bound him to a post and left him there to die under a tropical sun. Twenty years before this man was parish priest of San Mäguil, and committed two murders, one a native youth, and the other a young woman enciente. The scandal relating to the affair was so great that he was transferred from San Mäguil to Cavite Province, where he happened to be when tardy vengeance came along.

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A bitter struggle now took place. No quarter was given on either side, and twenty-five thousand natives perished in Cavite Province alone. Filipino priests who were captured by the Spaniards were flogged and tortured to make them tell what they knew about the secret societies through the confessional.

At Novăleta, the Spaniards attacked the natives and one-third of the famous Seventy-third Regiment was left upon the field.

At San Francisco de la Union, three native priests, Adriano Garces, Mariano Dacayana, and Mariano Gaerlaw were tortured with a red-hot iron applied to their bodies to force a confession from them that they were Free Masons.

At Candaba, a vice president of the Katipunans was tied between two boards and dropped into a well to make him confess. He went down three times, would not confess, and was drowned.

At Mŏlolos, Father Santos caused all the members of the town council to be banished on account of belonging to secret societies.

In March, 1896, ten of the leading citizens were goaded to desperation by the action of the Bishop of Vigan, so they joined forces and

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killed him. A few months previously this same friar had ignominously treated his own and other native curates by having them stripped naked, tied down to benches, where he beat them with the prickly tail of the ray fish, to extort confession from them.

The Spaniards carried on the war with unrelenting severity. Any one who was suspected of sympathizing with the insurgents was thrown into prison. On the 1st of October, 1896, the S. S. "Manila" sailed for Cueta and other African penal settlements, with 300 patriotic Filipinos on board.

In Bilibid prison, on the 6th of February, 1897, there were 1,260 suspects who were subjected to horrible maltreatment. Some were conditionally released after being maimed for life. Others were executed, and never a week passed during these times but that the green sward on the Luneta was red with patriot blood. Others, as Antonio Rivero, died under torture. These men were the cream of the Filipinos. (~~Bonifacio Arevalo,~~) now chief justice of the supreme court, was one of them.

Over 600 suspects were confined in the dungeons of Fort Santiago, in Old Manila, near

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the mouth of the Pasig river. The dungeons were below low water mark, and the water filtered through the crevices of masonry. Whenever the tide was in, the poor unfortunates were up to their bodies or necks in the water, according to height. Sixty of them perished in forty-eight hours and their bodies were floating in the water among the living.

On July 2, 1897, the Spanish issued an order compelling every one to report themselves to the military authorities before July 10. The people were not allowed to leave their towns or villages except to work in the fields, do their daily work or follow their usual avocation. All who had outside business must be provided with passes, stating how and where they were going, when they would return, and what their business was. If they failed to comply with the law they would be treated as rebels and courtmartialed. Instead of obeying, Aguinaldo issued a proclamation in return, demanding the expulsion of the friars, representation in the Spanish Cortes, freedom of the press and religious toleration. The military authorities were in favor of granting the reforms, but the friars were opposed to the

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demands made. However, the natives had made such progress that the case was desperate, so Señor Paterno was deputated by the Spanish government to see Aguinaldo and negotiate a treaty of peace, which was called the Treaty of Biac-na-bato, and was executed near Angat, in the province of Bulucan, on the 14th of December, 1897. On the Filipino side, it was agreed they should deliver up their arms and ammunition and captured territory and be good for three years and that Aguinaldo and thirty-four of his principal men should leave the country and not return without permission from the Spanish government.

On the Spanish side, it was agreed to grant the Filipinos the reforms demanded and asked three years in which to carry out the reforms. They also agreed to pay the rebels one million Mexican dollars as indemnity and to reimburse the natives not in arms to the extent of seven hundred thousand Mexican. After signing the treaty, Aguinaldo and his co-patriots went to Hong-Kong, where the Spaniards gave him a draft for four hundred thousand dollars, Mexican. There have been some disputes about the money, but it appears that instead of the mon-

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ey going to Aguinaldo and the other leaders directly it was kept as trust money to be used on behalf of the Filipinos, in case Spain did not carry out the promised reforms. A year later, Otarcha, one of the Filipino leaders, brought suit against Aguinaldo in the Hong-Kong courts to get his own individual share of the money, but was resisted on the above ground.

The natives carried out their side of the agreement; Spain did not. They did not pay the balance of the indemnity and instead of granting the reforms demanded they started to punish the men who had laid down their arms, many were cast into prison, others were executed. The result was the red flag of revolt was again flying in the air.

On March 25, 1898, occurred the massacre of Calle de Camba, named after the street where it occurred in Binondo. It appears a number of Visayan sailors were having a discussion in a saloon and were talking loudly, and some one called the police. The Guardia Civil came along and shot down a large number, including many passersby on the street. They took a number of prisoners and the next morning

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sixty men were taken out to the cemetery and shot.*

At the time the Americans captured Manila, Aguinaldo had all the Spaniards driven into that town from the interior and had succeeded in capturing one thousand Spanish soldiers and priests. The only place that remained under Spanish rule was the town of Baler, on the northern coast of Luzon, that garrison not surrendering till three months afterwards. Two days before the Americans captured Manila, a native regiment was suspected of being about to desert. The Spanish officers picked out six corporals and had them shot dead. Next night the whole regiment went over to the insurgents with their arms and accoutrements.

On the 13th of August, 1898, the Americans captured Manila, the Thirteenth Minnesota Regiment having more casualties in that engagement than all the other regiments combined.

*Ten days later the Visayan islands were in open revolt.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

THE GEORGE WASHINGTON OF THE PHILIPPINES, JOSE RIZAL.

Poet, artist, novelist, oculist, and Philippine patriot, was born in 1861 at Calamba, Luzon. He was educated under the tutorage of the native priest Leontis. He was eleven years of age when the people of Cavite rose and demanded the expulsion of the friars who had become so strong with such great influences at Madrid that the civil authorities were unable or dared not cope with them. The Philosopher said, "The government is an arm, the head is the convent." From Calamba he went to Manila, then to Spain, Germany, Austria, France, England and Italy, studied in the different universities and wrote articles to liberal newspapers on the continent in favor of his native land. Later he returned to his native land and got into trouble with the Dominican friars, relating to titles to land. His writings were proscribed and not allowed to circulate in the islands, so he went to Japan, and from thence

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to America. In 1891, his native province, Calamba, revolted, so he went to its aid, was arrested and banished to Dapidan, where he remained four years. Here he got acquainted with Josephine Bracken, daughter of an Irish Sergeant in the English army, and on the day that he was sentenced to death on the charge of sedition and rebellion they were married. His bride passed the night outside his prison door on her knees, and at six o'clock next morning, December 30th, 1896, he was led out on the Luneta and shot in the back by the Spanish soldiers. He made a splendid defence and was convicted by his judges, eight captains and a lieutenant colonel in the Spanish army, upon the perjured evidence of men who, since American occupation, have made affidavits that the evidence was false and forced from them by torture. The bride joined the insurgents, was present at the battle of Silang and, being defeated, fled into the northern provinces on foot. She was banished by the Spaniards a few months later. During the American occupation she returned to the scene of such painful memories and went from Manila to Hong-Kong, where she died in 1902. Jose Rizal is

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now hailed with honor. The natives celebrate the day of his birth, and later the Americans made the anniversary of his birth a public holiday, which is observed yearly in the public schools, throughout the archipelago. He was a victim to the friars, the idol of his people and a martyr to their cause. This untimely death in their behalf appealed to their patriotic feelings, so that now in the Philippines, the name of Jose Rizal is revered even as the American venerates the name of George Washington. He was the founder of the Lige Philippine, which, along with the Masonic Society, was placed under the ban of the church and broken up. The members scattered or were driven out of the country. After the revolt in Cavite, in 1872, the K. K. K., or Kataastaasan Kagalanggalang Katipunan Society, was founded by Andres Bonifacio. Its membership included the common people entirely. It was often confounded with the Free Masons, but there is no comparison between the two. It soon attained a membership of thirty thousand, and was a power to conjure with. The password was Gom-bur-za, named after the patriotic friars who were executed after the

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Cavite revolt, Gom-ez, Bur-gos and Za-mora. The subordinate lodges of the society consisted of ten men each, one of the ten men was delegated to another lodge of ten, who, in turn, elected another man to a higher lodge of ten, till ultimately it reached the highest officers of the order. Under that system no man could betray more than twenty men to their enemies, and no man knew when conversing whether he was talking to a brother Katipunan or not. The result was, it was said, that the natives became more distrustful and secretive than ever. During the initiation a vein was opened in the candidate's arm and as the blood slowly dripped away the man was pledged to give the rest of his blood to help drive the Spanish from the country. After the capture of Naic, by the insurgents, Andres Bonifacio was shot by Aguinaldo's orders, who did not approve of his bloodthirsty methods.

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CHAPTER XXVII.
HOMEWARD BOUND.

August 8th, 1899.

We have been a year in Luzon and are about to start for America. Today the regiment held memorial services at Paco cemetery, over the graves of our comrades we leave behind—planted in a foreign shore. The regimental chaplain gave a very appropriate talk and told about being on the firing line and was with many of the boys when they died. Was glad he was somewhere, for I have only seen him three times since we landed in Luzon, a year ago, once at Tim Enright's funeral, once when marching through Manila, going to Caloocan when he half opened his bedroom window and looked at the regiment passing along in the night. And once at Guiguinto, when Colonel Ames made B Company his headquarters, he came out on the train and helped eat the dinner of chickens the boys had brought from Bulacan, six miles away. Was very fortunate in not needing his services, but needed what many of

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the chaplains furnished, and we did not get, writing paper and shoestrings.

A year has made many changes here. Went up to the Escolta and had to salute so many officers that we hired a carromata and rode up the street. It was crowded and formed a wonderful contrast to the deserted place we marched down a year ago. Then, everything was quiet as the grave, stores all closed and windows barricaded, very few people on the streets, while from the roofs waved the flags of different nations, whose subjects owned the property beneath. Now the street is crowded, people moving in a hurry, newspaper kids and boot-blacks are working overtime, soda water instead of two cents per bottle, is now sold at twenty, other articles have advanced in proportion and the starry flag is the only rag in sight.

During the regiment's term of service it has served under the following generals:

General King—at Camp Merritt.
General Merritt—at Camp Dewey.
General McArthur—at Singaloan.
General Otis—at Manila.
General Hughes—at Manila.

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General Hale—at Luneta.
General Hall—at Marquina.
General Wheaton—at Santa Maria.
General Somers—at Nosgaray.
General Lawton—at San Mäguil.
General Kobbe—at De Lumboid.
General Shafter—at San Francisco.

We have the following men at the head of the regiment: Reeve, Ames, Diggles, Masterman, Bean and Fredericks, and part or the whole regiment has participated in the following engagements:

Battle of Manila, Aug. 13, 1898.
Uprising by Insurgents, Feb. 14, 1899.
Riot in Tondo District, Feb. 5, 1899.
Uprising of Manila, Feb. 14, 1899.
Tondo District Uprising, Feb. 22, 1899.
Tondo District Uprising, Feb. 23, 1899.
Battle of Marquina Road, March 25, 1899.
Skirmish, Marquina Road, March 26, 1899.
Skirmish near Bocane, April 9, 1899.
Skirmish near Santa Maria, April 9, 1899.
Attack on Railroad Track, April 10-11, 1899.
Battle of Santa Maria, April 12, 1899.
Skirmish near Quingua, April 14, 1899.
Skirmish near Guiguinto, April 14, 1899.

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Skirmish near Quingua, April 16, 1899.
Battle of Guiguinto, April 20, 1899.
Battle of Quingua, April 21, 1899.
Skirmish near Quingua, April 25, 1899.
With General Lawton's Expedition—Companies K, L, M, G, C, D, E and H.
Battle of Norzagaray, April 23-24, 1899.
Skirmish near Angat, April 24, 1899.
Attack on Norzagaray, April 25, 1899.
Battle at Angat, April 25, 1899.
Battle of Marangco, April 27, 1899.
Capture Polo and San Rafael, April 29, 1899.
Battle of San Rafael, May 1, 1899.
Battle of Baliuag, May 2, 1899.
Battle of Maasin, May 4, 1899.
Skirmish near San Ildefonso, May 8, 1899.
Capture of San Ildefonso, May 12, 1899.
Capture of San Miguel, May 13, 1899.
Battle of Salacot, May 15, 1899.
Capture of Baluarte, May 16, 1899.
Capture of San Roque, May 16, 1899.
Battle of San Isidro, May 17, 1899.
Capture of Gapan, May 17, 1899.
Skirmish at San Antonio, May 20, 1899.
Skirmish near Arayat, May 21, 1899.
Thirty-five engagements, all told.

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August 12.

Left Manila with the South Dakota boys on board the Sheridan, which is well fitted up for a transport.

Colonel Fredericks is spending the regimental fund and the boys are eating the proceeds. We had retreat on the upper deck in blue suits, leggings and belts; there was not room for the men to stand at company front, so we were sandwiched among ropes, machinery, etc., but I suppose that satisfied the officers' idea of dress parade; it certainly put us poor privates to a great deal of trouble. We thought that hard, but when the top sergeant gave orders that from today forth we shall drill twice a day, have inspection of quarters twice a day, that we have to wear a certain uniform on drill, the boys turned loose and hollowed "rotten," and bawled the officers out to their faces. Colonel Frost, of the South Dakota, is senior officer in command and posted up the following daily table of calls:

First call	5:45
Reveille	6:00
Sick call	6:30
Mess call	7:00

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Fatigue call	7:35
First call	7:45
Assembly, G. M.	7:55
Adjutant call	8:00
Band practice	8:35
First call	9:45
Assembly	9:55
Inspection	10:00
Drill	10:30
Mess call	12:00
Fatigue call	1:00
First Sergeant call	1:10
Discharged soldiers' drill	2:00
Band practice	2:00
Drill	3:00
Sick call	3:00
Mess call	5:00
Fatigue call	5:45
Retreat	6:00
Band concert	7:30
Call to quarters	8:45
Taps	9:00

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CHAPTER XXVIII.
IN FAIR JAPAN.

August 16, 1899.

Arrived at Nagasaki, Japan, and got shore leave. Colonel Frost wanted the men to go ashore in detachments, but the ship's captain said for all to go ashore so that he could coal up the ship. We stayed three days here, sightseeing and buying and gathering souvenirs which were ridiculously cheap. Then we went to Yokohama and stayed two days. Some of us went up to Tokio from here. The seventy-five American families in Yokohama entertained the returning volunteers and furnished writing paper, luncheons, baths, tea—hot or iced. They made a showing that would have been a credit to any city of seventy-five thousand inhabitants. At the Salvation Army barracks we could get real American food, not half Spanish or half army, but the real American article. We ate all the pickles and sausages in Yokohama. The boys spent every cent that

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they owned, could borrow or beg here, and were sorry they did not have more to spend.

Japan is in the antipodes and nearly everything is done contrary to the way we perform, the same things in America. If a Japanese is in deep thought he will scratch his knee instead of his head. If he wishes a man to come to him he makes a motion as though pressing him away. Joe Stracham, when in Nagasaki, not being well and feeling faint, went into a tea-house and asked for some coffee. He could not get any, so thought he would have a bottle of beer. After giving the order and before being served, an American lady missionary came and sat down by him and began to inquire about the Filipinos, their nature, habits, etc. The Jap made several attempts to come to Joe, but the latter, not wishing to drink beer in the presence of the missionary, kept motioning him back. It appears he motioned to him nine times and when Joe and the missionary got so interested in conversation that the former forgot where he was at, the Jap came and placed in front of them nine bottles of beer.

On the evening of the 23d of August, 1899,

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at the Grand Hotel at Yokohama, Japan, during a concert given by the Thirteenth Minnesota Regimental Band, and in the presence of a number of enlisted men, civilians and ladies, Lieutenant Chambers went up to some of the soldiers who were sitting on the veranda listening to the music, and pushing them to one side, said: "What are you sons of b—— doing here? This is no place for soldiers, this is for gentlemen," and going inside the hotel, insisted upon the bartender serving him with drinks before the common soldiers were served, saying, "Private soldiers do not amount to anything anyhow. They are as the worm under my heel; they are nothing but dogs."

CHAPTER XXIX.
ON THE OCEAN AGAIN.

Yohohama, August 25, 1899.

Left Yokohama on the 25th for San Francisco. The weather got colder, the discipline more exact and overbearing, and the food kept getting better. The officers kept trying to make the discharged soldiers from the regular

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army who are going home and are now American citizens, drill and do fatigue duty, and they absolutely refused and nearly every day some of them were marched to the Brig. (calaboose). During this time one of Minnesota's most stalwart sons achieved incontestible and unquenchable renown by his disinterestedness to the cause of tyranny and oppression. His unwavering, steadfast devotion to his ideal of discipline, the unremitting, persistent manner in which he endeavored to enforce the obnoxious regulations he imagined himself entrusted with, the injudicious and arbitrary contrariness exhibited may make him an ideal officer among officers, but graven deep upon the tablets of the men's memory, who were not officers, it is written, "The chief of the slop pail brigade, Lieutenant Hauft, the scavenger lieutenant."

August 32.

This is the place where we lose a day. Went to bed last night (Thursday night) and woke up Thursday morning; at this rate before a man becomes grey-headed he will become a boy again. This is the point opposite Greenwich, the other side of the globe, and as we

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lose or gain twenty-four hours in circumnavigating the globe, so as we travel east or west from here to Greenwich, we will lose or gain an hour in time for every twelfth of the distance traveled. Was on guard, the weather very cold, and the sea rough; the boys all wear overcoats, and many have blankets wrapped around their overcoats. One fellow came up from the South Dakota gangway and vomited a worm ten inches long. He was a very sick man and it was comical to see him with his pale, sickly face, telling the hospital steward about it; in conclusion, he said: "I never was so scared in my life. I thought I had coughed my insides out." The steward wanted to see it and so did I, and were sorry—awfully sorry—in a second we were both making contributions to the fishes. Some one came along and asked why I left my post. I told him I would leave the whole d——d ship if I got a chance. Happened to look around and saw the officer of the day, the ship gave a lurch just then and he shot across to the other side, swung around a pillar twice and ran into the arms of the butcher who was chasing pieces of meat that were drifting about on the deck, cussing the storm,

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the ship, the crew, and the day he enlisted, and then started in on d——d greenhorns who could not walk on deck when there was a little swell; what in h——l would they do in a storm? The officer finally got out of the way and I guess we were all glad the storm kept him busy. I ought to have been relieved at four o'clock, but was not. At five, the corporal came along and said the man who ought to relieve me was sick, so I told him I would relieve myself, and went to look at the supper. Of the three men who were at that post I was the only one left, and when the corporal came around at eight o'clock, I said I was sick, and he replied he was glad of it.

The various monkeys are shivering and chattering with the cold, and one bob-tailed amigo leaped overboard in disgust.

The South Dakota Billy Goat is just in his element—can walk around in bad weather better than any soldier on board.

One large wave came overboard and drenched seven privates and one captain. I rather like the sea after all; it does not respect shoulder straps.

Got my dishes and went up to supper, when

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the ship, which seemed to have settled down a little calmer, gave an extraordinary lurch and four or five men who were serving out supper, sitting down on the deck with their backs to the partition, and the various cans of meat, bread and potatoes between their knees, for better security, started to go with the roll of the ship, and in the twinkling of an eye the whole outfit, dishes, food, arms, legs and salt water were one struggling, complicated mess in the scupper. The ship then rolled the other way and those who were not anchored went over there also. The decks are of sheet iron and make beautiful slides. Babe Barrett was running from one post to another when a dining table, wrong side up, came and took his feet from under him. He fell on the table and had a good toboggan slide. Doctor Law, in a new suit of clothes, came and looked at the place where the dispensary formerly was, and missing a post, fell and was soon sliding around, wiping up the deck with the new suit of clothes, till some fellow caught him by the leg. Everybody who didn't have a lead pipe cinch on a post or was not anchored to something solid, went with the roll.

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One man had several ribs broken and several had teeth knocked out. The boys are coughing like a kindergarten of babies with the whooping cough. The bandmen had troubles of their own, their instruments were falling down and sliding around with old shoes, knapsacks, souvenirs, everything that was not tied or nailed down. The dining tables and benches are placed overhead when not in use; they all fell down one after another, the top sergeant's desk was tied up, and broke away, and down in the South Dakota quarters several inches of water flowed from side to side with each roll of the ship, whilst once in awhile some poor mortal would roll out of bed.

Sept. 1.

Storm let up. Only twelve men out to drill in B Company, and the lieutenant made some remarks about it. The men say they are sick; so they are, sick at heart, badgered to death. Thought they were going to be mustered out, but are getting knocked around harder than any rookie.

Met the pilot boats coming out to meet ships. One asked if we wanted a pilot and a ship's officer yelled back, "Yes, we want a sky pilot,"

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and the other man started swearing. The fellows are running around, laughing and yelling, and acting like a pack of lunatics. They know enough to appreciate the land of their birth now. One fellow was gesticulating and moving his face in a corner, and I went alongside, and stretching my ears, heard him reciting Scott's poem:

> Breathes there a man with soul so dead
> Who never to himself has said:
> "This is my own, my native land."
> Whose heart has ne'er within him burned,
> As homeward his footsteps he hath turned
> From off a foreign strand.

CHAPTER XXX.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

As soon as we were anchored inside the Golden Gate, the San Francisco Chronicle's launch came alongside with the evening papers, and we soon had something to talk about, for we have been dead to the world for a month now. About eight o'clock we had a ten weeks' mail come aboard, and immediately after everybody was trying to get near a light to see how the

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old and young folks at home were getting along. Last night the large dynamo broke, so we had no lights down in the quarters at all. There was a small dynamo aboard, enough to give light in the officers' quarters and on deck, but those lights on deck could scarcely be seen for dark figures staring with large, bright eyes out from the darkness, trying to read the letters that had been waiting so long.

When the ship dropped anchor, and before the quarantine officer had inspected the ship, ex-soldier brevet Brigadier-General C. McC. Reeve came aboard. This strict disciplinarian, who had violated the Sixty-first Article of War by using personal and violent abuse to his men, not in America, with its independent press and unfettered public opinion, but on board ship, where he was in supreme command, and the boys had no redress; who had placed men under arrest, threatened them with irons and drum-head courtmartials, not for making complaints, but for expressing opinions among themselves, unaware that he was near; who had acted the blackguard at Paranaque; who had smuggled Mrs. Reeve on board the "City of Para," at San Francisco, contrary to

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the rules and regulations of war,—now deliberately set at defiance the quarantine laws of the state, which provides that no person shall go aboard or leave a ship unless with permission of the quarantine officer of the post.

Since General Reeve came aboard the boat the boys have learned much. We hear of men having cold feet who never went barefooted before. It is impossible to find any bullet holes in the hats of the officers who advise others to wear woolen socks. Colonel Reeve, Lieutenant-Colonel Fredericks, Major Bean, and Captain Corriston were each present and did good work at the taking of Manila, Aug. 13, 1898, but were not present and did not participate in any of the other thirty-four different engagements that portions of the regiment participated in. Colonel Reeve was breveted brigadier-general and mustered out of the army; Lieutenant-Colonel Fredericks was back in America on sick leave; Major Bean and Captain Corriston each stayed in Manila on special duty. Colonel Ames stayed with the regiment, participated in every engagement until he was taken to the hospital on a stretcher with a temperature of 103.

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Next morning we turned out for medical inspection by the quarantine officer, then pulled up anchor and went down the harbor to Pier No. 34. As we sailed past the wharves all the steam whistles and bells rang, and many was the fellow this morning who drew a deep breath and muttered to himself, "There is no place like home." Are just commencing to realize that they have reached God's country, and that their troubles are about over.

Shortly after we anchored the friends of the regiment came flocking aboard and it was a curious sight to see the different manners of greetings that were passed to and fro. It was sad. Ladies came up the gang plank with strained eyes, looking for their son, husband, or sweetheart, as the case might be, and when once they saw the man they would clasp their arms around his neck, and plant kisses upon the poor fellow who invariably had his hat knocked off, and was perfectly conscious that a thousand soldiers were staring at them. Some of the boys inquired for were in the hospital, others were disabled for life, and here the meeting was a mixture of sorrow and gladness combined. Other folks who had friends and

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kindred of boys planted in Luzon, came to hear the boys' friends tell them of how the poor fellow died. As a rule it was sad for us outsiders to behold these scenes, but we could not get away from them. The showing of the true feeling of the men and friends was respected by the other boys, who on any other occasion would have guyed them unmercifully. About ten o'clock Colonel Ames came aboard, and the boys cheered him; he went up to the officers' deck and they saluted and turned their backs to him; the men noticing this, cheered the colonel more loudly. The incident was the sensation of the day, and that day and all night agitated groups would be found in the quarters arguing and debating the subject pro and con. The result was that at ten o'clock at night they gathered in front of the officers' quarters, of the men who had tried to turn the colonel down, and gave three cheers for Colonel Ames, three times over. Whatever may be said of Colonel Ames, he was always a gentleman, always treated his men as men, which was more than the officers did who tried to turn him down.

Next morning the regiment marched out to

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camp. I was too weak and sick to march, so took the street car to Van Ness avenue, where General Shafter reviewed the troops. I sat on the sidewalk and watched them pass along. First the Third Artillery, with band, cannon drawn by six black horses, the men in platoon formation behind, could not but admire their fine military appearance; then a company of the Sixth Cavalry, mounted, then the South Dakota boys, with Colonel Frost walking in the lead, then the Minnesota boys, Major Bean and the staff officers riding on horseback. Sergeant-Major Krembs and Sergeant Leavitt, two wide, big fellows, marched in front of the band, after which came the companies in platoon formation. The St. Paul companies put up the best appearance, then came the ambulance wagons, and then the escort of honor, volunteered by the North Dakota boys. From here I took the street car to the camp and watched the boys come in. Everything was changed now. Men and women were passing along, hand in hand, girls carrying guns and knapsacks, people were greeting and yelling at old acquaintances, some from Minnesota, many made in San Francisco a year ago, and many

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more made in Luzon. The soldiers had lost their stern, dark look, and were more wearied and looked more happy as they gazed at the honest, white faces about them. In the procession they wore a set, stern, dark look, turning neither to the right nor the left, and it was a hard matter to cheer them. They looked so unresponsive and the onlookers' faces wore an expression of awe rather than of gladness. There were some people whom that look would not down, so they were cheering the boys on their way. When the boys arrived in camp, they all flocked to the colonel's tent and cheered for Colonel Ames. Then Lieutenant Garcelon jumped on a barrel and yelled out, "Three cheers for our old commander, General Reeve," and not a man spoke in reply. The silence was oppressive. Evidently thinking he had been misunderstood, the Lieutenant again yelled out, "Three cheers for Colonel Reeve. Hip, hip, hip," and not a word replied to his. The citizens congregated, looked at the soldiers and the soldiers looked blank. Just then, Joe Stracham, now a citizen, yelled out, "Three cheers for Colonel Ames," and it was given with a tiger. They then all rushed up and shook

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hands with the colonel, who stood, his gray hair streaming in the wind, too agitated to speak. Tom Graham ran up with a biscuit in one hand and shook hands with the other, exclaiming, "They may fool McGinnis, Colonel, but they can't fool you and me."

At San Francisco the government furnished us fine rations, the camp duties were merely nominal, and all the boys who were able, had a good time, the hospitality of the warm-hearted Californians seemed to be limitless. In addition to the private parties, entertainments, the different companies of the California regiment, now mustered out, entertained the corresponding companies of the Minnesota regiment to a banquet, which in the case of Company B, was served at the Occidental Hotel. Mayor Phelan gave the address of welcome.

Captain Rowley, in reply, remarked that he was glad the noble state stood where it did—keeping the rest of the continent from being washed away by the Pacific ocean.

Governor Lind spoke about how the Southern people stared and wondered at the size of the men in the Twelfth Regiment when down South, and Mayor Gray, who made a short

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address immediately afterward, said that the reason the men were so large must be because they were Swedes. Tom Graham inquired, "Where were the Irish?" and good-looking, jolly Mike Shannausy yelled out, "The Irish were all in the Thirteenth."

The regiment was mustered out on the third of October, 1899, and two days later started for Minnesota. At Portland, Tacoma, Spokane, etc., the regiment was uproariously received, and at Fargo, in the middle of the night, the reception committee from the Twin Cities met us and soon we learned we were back in good, old Minnesota.

On arriving at St. Paul, the companies were lined up preparatory to marching down to the Auditorium, where an abundant breakfast, furnished by the friends of the regiment, was awaiting us. Company H was lined up with the others, and when Captain Bjornstad gave the command, "Forward march," not a man followed him. Being already mustered out, they absolutely refused, as American citizens, to walk down the street in his company. So Lieutenant Sauter led the boys on this, the proudest and happiest day of their lives. After

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breakfast, we were taken to Minneapolis, and reviewed by President McKinley and the assembled thousands, sumptuously fed at the Exposition building, after which each one dropped from the ranks and assumed the interrupted duties of a private citizen.

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Appendix

The following extracts, culled from outside sources, are printed for the benefit of those disinterested patriots who walked in the opposite direction from the recruiting office and complained that during the war the Twin City daily papers were filled with nothing but the Thirteenth Minnesota.

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GEN. McARTHUR'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

In his report of the capture of Manila, Aug. 13, 1898, General McArthur wrote:

"* * * The general advance was soon resumed, the Thirteenth Minnesota, with Company K as advance guard leading, then the Astor Battery, a battalion of the Twenty-third Infantry, a battalion of the Fourteenth Infantry, and the North Dakota regiment following in the order named. * * * All difficulties were soon overcome, however, including the passage of the Astor Battery, by the determined efforts of Lieutenant March and his men, assisted by the infantry of the Minnesota regiment, over the gun emplacements which obstructed the road.

"* * * The advance party, consisting of men of the Minnesota regiment, were reinforced by volunteers of the Astor Battery, led by Lieutenant March and Captain Sawtelle, of the brigade staff, as an individual volunteer, reached a point within less than eighty yards of the block house, but was obliged to retire to the intersection road in the village, at which point a hasty work was improvised and occupied by a firing line of about fifteen men. Aside from the conspicuous individual actions in the first rush, the well-regulated contact of this firing line was a marked feature of the contest, and it is proposed, if possible, to ascertain the names of the men engaged, with a view of recommending them for especial distinction.

"* * * The cool, determined and sustained effort of Colonel Reeve, of the Thirteenth Minnesota, contributed very materially to the maintenance of the discipline and marked efficiency of the regiment."

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It was ascertained later that the following men were included among the above mentioned fifteen:

Corporal Cowden. (a)	Private Worthington. (e)
Private Weidle. (b)	Private Widman.
Private Wallace. (c)	Private Peake.
Private Thorsel. (d)	Private Berndt.

(a) Discharged by order, March 10, 1899.
(b) Wounded in arm at Caloocan, Feb. 26, 1899.
(c) Wounded in shoulder at Manila, Aug. 13, 1898.
(d) Wounded in head at Manila, Aug. 13, 1898.
(e) Disappeared, June 7, 1899.

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE'S REMARKS.

San Francisco Chronicle said, the morning after the drill in the Mechanics' Pavilion, San Francisco: "Very fine looking men those Minnesota boys, well equipped and excellently drilled. They are an example of what volunteers may be and are surpassed by few regulars. Those who saw them last night did not wonder that General Merritt especially requested this Minnesota regiment for the Philippines."

GEN. KING'S LETTER TO GOV. CLOUGH.

The following letter was written by Brig.-Gen. King, commending the work of the Minnesota soldiers at San Francisco:

"Camp Merritt, July 27.

"Sir:—The detachment of recruits for the Thirteenth Minnesota, being under orders to embark, thus severing, for a time at least, all connection of that regiment with this brigade, I deem it a duty to say that of the entire command of 15,000 men that have come under my observation at this point since

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June 10, no organization has excelled and few have equalled the Thirteenth Minnesota in drill, discipline and general efficiency. The officers and men have won the respect and admiration of their comrades in the field and I look forward to their restoration to my command in the Philippines with impatience and pleasure.

"Colonel Reeve and all his officers were meritorious, and one non-commissioned officer so remarkably efficient in command for several weeks of a detachment of 300 Oregon recruits, that I beg leave to point out to you as fully qualified for and deserving a commission. I refer to Sergeant Joseph C. Stracham, Company B.

"(Signed) GENERAL CHARLES KING."

GEN. WHEATON'S TELEGRAM.

On April 10, 1899, after the insurgents' midnight attack on the railroad, Major Diggles received the following telegram:

"Capt. Rowley, Capt. Carleton and Lieut. Pearse have received mention to General McArthur for gallantry. (Signed) WHEATON."

PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S MESSAGE.

At San Isidro a message was received from President McKinley, congratulating General Lawton and the troops under his command, on the success of the thirty days' expedition in which eight companies of the Minnesotas participated.

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GEN. LAWTON'S ORDER.

When the thirty days' hike was over General Lawton issued the following order:

"Headquarters, First Division, Eighth Army Corps, in the Field, Candaba, Luzon.

"General Orders No. 12.

"The commanding officer, in relieving this regiment, desires to express his appreciation of the efficiency, courage and uncomplaining endurance constantly shown by its officers and men while on this expedition. By command of Major General Lawton.

"(Signed) CLARENCE R. EDWARDS,
"Assistant Adjutant General."

GEN. SUMMERS' OFFICIAL REPORT.

Official report of Gen. Summers:

"Quartel de Espana, Manila, P. I., June 10, 1899.
"Assistant Adjutant General,
Eighth Army Corps, Manila, P. I.

"In closing this, my official report of operations of my command, and in compliance with instructions of the division commander, I have the honor to especially request and recommend for promotion for meritorious and faithful service during the campaign, the following officers:

Capt. J. P. Masterman, 13th Minnesota.
Capt. C. T. Spear, 13th Minnesota.
Capt. Oscar Seeback, 13th Minnesota.

"In recommending these officers for promotion I desire to call attention to their untiring efforts and faithful performance of every duty assigned them and furthermore the successful accomplishment of the

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same as well as their consideration of the officers and men under them. "O. SUMMERS,

"Brevet Brigadier-General,
"1st Division, 8th Army Corps."

GEN. SUMMERS' MINNEAPOLIS REMARKS.

General Summers was with President McKinley when the regiment made its last march in Minneapolis, and said to the boys from the platform at the exposition building: "The Second Oregon and part of the Thirteenth Minnesota constituted my command under General Lawton and I want to shake hands and have one more word with the boys of the regiment just once more before they disband. The people back in Oregon think just as much of the Thirteenth as they do of the Oregons, and I guess that fact was demonstrated by the rousing reception they gave the Minnesotans when they passed through our city on their way home. General Lawton spoke of the Thirteenth in terms of the highest praise. He said to me, it would be impossible to get a finer body of men together and that he could not have asked for soldiers more equal to the occasion—to all the emergencies through which they passed—than the gallant fellows who made up the Thirteenth Minnesota and the Second Oregon."

COL. REEVE'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

Col. Reeve's address to the regiment on relinquishing command:

"Headquarters, Police Department,
"Manila, P. I., Sept. 2, 1898.

"To the Officers and Men of the Thirteenth Regiment:

"It is with feelings of profound regret that I relinquish the control of this regiment which for so

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many years it has been my pride and honor to command. A regiment composed of officers and men who have ever performed their duties faithfully and fearlessly, it is small wonder you have established a reputation in peace and in war of which both the nation and the state may well be proud. There is no regiment in the army which stands higher in the opinion of its superior officers than does this regiment. There is no regiment whose gallantry under fire has been more highly commended. Mindful of these facts, I cling to the organization with a pride and affection which time can never destroy. For my successor, who, like myself, has risen from the ranks, I bespeak your loyal, enthusiastic support. I wish to thank you, one and all, for the individual kindness and consideration which has made smooth the rough places and encouraged me in the discharge of my duties when encouragement was ofttimes needed.

"C. McC. REEVE, Brig.-Gen."

Note.—He is at present Colonel of the 1st Regiment, N. G. S. M., and if a war was declared tomorrow would be in command. As an evidence of his great popularity among the enlisted men of the 13th Minnesota, we will take the case of Company B, which was as harmonious a company and as well officered as any other company. Out of the 120 who originally composed the company in the regiment, twelve men re-enlisted in Company B, 1st Regiment, N. G. S. M., seven of whom were commissioned and non-commissioned officers and five private soldiers.

COL. AMES' OPENING REMARKS.

Col. Ames' address to the regiment on assuming command:

"Headquarters 13th Regt. Minn. Vols.,

"Manila, P. I., Sept. 24, 1898.

"To the Officers and Enlisted Men of the Thirteenth Minnesota Volunteers:

"Having been commissioned by his excellency,

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Governor Clough, of the state of Minnesota, colonel of this regiment, and having been duly mustered in as such, I hereby assume command of the same. It is needless for me to say to you that our regiment had made a fine record, for its past speaks for itself. I desire the hearty support of every officer and enlisted man in the future, that we may add new laurels to those already won and still further entitle us to the words of praise and approbation of the people of the North Star state we all love so well. It is not always the outside or more showy evolutions which indicate the fine drilled and disciplined organization, but the attention to the little details which escape the eye of the citizen that makes perfect the individual soldier and thereby a perfect whole. A regiment may be likened to a machine, each particular part of which has certain work to do. If any portion of the same becomes rusty or worn, the effect is apparent at once in the work of the whole machine. Therefore I ask that each officer in his department, whether it be quartermaster, adjutant, battalion or company, pay particular attention to his work and bring it as near perfection as possible. For the enlisted men I have only words of praise for their brave and unfaltering conduct under all circumstances since we left home and I simply request of them that they strive still harder to keep the reputation they have already won as gentlemen as well as soldiers. On behalf of our regiment, I congratulate Brigadier-General Reeve, our former commanding officer, on his deserved promotion and wish him God-speed in his new position.

"FRED W. AMES, Colonel."

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ROLL OF HONOR

THIRTEENTH INFANTRY, MINNESOTA VOLUNTEERS.

Major Arthur M. Diggles, Manila, P. I., May 26, 1899.
Chief Musician Charles H. Watson, Honolulu, H. I., July 20, 1898.
Private Sidney Pratt, Camp Dewey, P. I., Aug. 18, 1898.
Private Harry L. Currier, Manila, P. I., Sept. 19, 1898.
Private C. E. Payson Colwell, Manila, P. I., Sept. 24, 1898.
Private William Flanigan, San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 20, 1899.
Private Timothy Enright, Manila, P. I., March 11, 1899.
Private Albert W. Olsen, Manila, P. I., Jan 29, 1899.
Private Maurice P. Beaty, Bocave, P. I., April 11, 1899.
Private Joseph O. Daley, Manila, P. I., Oct. 5, 1899.
Private John W. Flynt, at sea, May 14, 1899.
Private Herbert L. Keeler, Manila, P. I., May 16, 1899.
Private William O. Martenson, Manila, P. I., Oct. 9, 1898.
Private Harry G. Watson, Cavite, P. I., Aug. 29, 1898.
Private Gilbert C. Perrine, Manila, P. I., Jan. 6, 1899.
Private John S. Wood, Manila, P. I., Aug. 23, 1898.
Sergeant Merwin M. Carleton, Manila, P. I., Dec. 18, 1898.
Musician Frederick Buckland, at sea, July 27, 1898.
Private Paul M. Crosby, Cavite, P. I., Oct. 4, 1898.
Private Fred C. Fritzon, Manila, P. I., June 26, 1899.
Private Leslie B. Paden, Cavite, P. I., Aug. 6, 1898.
Private Jesse J. Cole, Mololos, P. I., April 10, 1898.

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Private Sidney T. Garrett, Manila, P. I., Nov. 3, 1898.
Private Frank C. Lewis, San Rafael de Buena Vista, May 1, 1898.
Private Vernon E. Taggart, Manila, P. I., May 23, 1899.
Private Albert E. Dennis, Cavite, P. I., Sept. 11, 1898.
Private Chas. W. Schwartz, Manila, P. I., Aug. 31, 1898.
Corporal William W. Ray, San Francisco, Cal., May 30, 1898.
Musician Archie R. Patterson, Cingalon, Luzon, P. I., Aug. 13, 1898.
Private Verne A. Barker, Manila, P. I., Feb. 25, 1899.
Private Amasa J. Hawkins, Manila, P. I., Dec. 3, 1898.
Private Edward J. Sutton, Manila, P. I., March 9, 1899.
Private Robert L. VanEman, Manila, P. I., Feb. 20, 1899.
Private Paul J. Rhode, Manila, P. I., June 28, 1899.
Private Fred W. Buckendorf, Baliuag, Luzon, P. I., May 6, 1899.
Private Henry Dickson, Cavite, P. I., Aug. 16, 1898.
Private Edward Pratt, Manila, P. I., March 25, 1899.
Private William Sullivan, Honolulu, H. I., July 17, 1898.
Private Frank Weirauch, Manila, P. I., Oct. 1, 1898.
Private George H. Cootey, Manila, P. I., Oct. 4, 1898.
Private William H. Pilgrim, Manila, P. I., June 23, 1899.

Wounded of the Thirteenth

Following is a complete list from the official records of the war department at Washington of the members of the Thirteenth Minnesota wounded in action:

Captain Alfred W. Bjornstad, Company H, Aug. 13, 1898, near Manila.

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First Lieut. Clarence G. Bunker, Company C, Aug. 13, 1898, near Manila.

Captain Oscar Seebach, Company G, Aug. 13, 1898, near Manila.

Private Charles J. Ahlers, Company G, Aug. 13, 1898, near Manila.

Corporal Henry E. Williams, Company E, Aug. 13, 1898, near Manila.

Private Lewis H. Wallace, Company H, Aug. 13, 1898, near Manila.

Artificer Guimar Thorsell, Company H, Aug. 13, 1898, near Manila.

Private George F. Tenney, Company L, Aug. 13, 1898, near Manila.

Private Ernest E. Rider, Company L, Aug. 13, 1898, near Manila.

Private Clarence P. Rice, Company E, Aug. 13, 1898, near Manila.

Private Wm. S. Moore, Company L, Aug. 13, 1898, near Manila.

Private Louis Miner, Company L, Aug. 13, 1898, near Manila.

Private Charles Little, Company F, Aug. 13, 1898, near Manila.

Private Wm. A. Jones, Company G, Aug. 13, 1898, near Manila.

Private George Kahl, Company L, Aug. 13, 1898, near Manila.

Private Albert S. Hanson, Company F, Aug. 13, 1898, near Manila.

Private Henry H. Tetzlaff, Company C, Aug. 13, 1898, near Manila.

Private Milton A. Trenham, Company D, Aug. 13, 1898, near Manila.

Private Frank M. Crowell, Company G, Aug. 13, 1898, near Manila.

Sergeant Merwin M. Carleton, Company E, Aug. 13, 1898, near Manila.

Sergeant Charles Burnson, Company G, Aug. 13, 1898, near Manila.

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Private Henry E. Barrowman, Company K, Aug. 13, 1898, near Manila.

Private Eugene A. Harvey, Company B, April 11, 1899, Guiguinto.

Corporal Holden P. Guilbert, Company A, April 11, 1899, Guiguinto.

Sergeant Eugene Hanscom, Company A, April 11, 1899, Guiguinto.

Private Henry Foss, Company B, April 10, 1899, Guiguinto.

Private John J. Young, Company C, April 11, 1899, Bocaue.

Private Harry L. Beckjord, Company C, April 11, 1899, Bocaue.

Private Claude H. Still, Company C, April 11, 1899, Bocaue.

Corporal Dalford A. Ryberg, Company I, April 11, 1899, Guiguinto.

Private Richard H. Kelly, Company L, April 11, 1899, Bocaue.

Private Adam Hotchkiss, Company L, April 11, 1899, Bigaa.

Corporal Charles T. De Lamere, Company C, April 11, 1899, Bocaue.

Corporal Robert J. Kelliher, Company E, April 12, 1899, Santa Marie.

Private Ira S. Towle, Company F, April 12, 1899, N. Guiguinto.

Private Frank Whiplinger, Company D, April 24, 1899, Norzagaray.

Sergeant Frank Burlingham, Company K, April 24, 1899, Norzagaray.

Private A. T. Williams, Company E, April 25, 1899, Angat.

Private Nicholas Hanson, Company A, April 20, 1899, N. Guiguinto.

First Lieut. Charles N. Clark, Company F, April 11, 1899, Bocaue.

Private Albert E. Erickson, Company H, May 13, 1899, San Miguel.

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Sergeant Harry M. Howard, Company K, May 15, 1899, Salaco.

Private Martin E. Tew, Company F, May 17, 1899, San Isidro.

Major Arthur M. Diggles, May 8, 1899, Maasin.

Private James Barrett, Company H, May 4, 1899, Maasin.

Private F. W. Buckendorf, Company L, May 4, 1899, Maasin.

Private Robert L. Geib, Company G, Feb. 26, 1899, N. of Caloocan.

Private P. G. Huhn, Company M, March 25, 1899, Mariquina road.

Private Harry M. Glazier, Company L, March 25, 1899, Mariquina road.

Private James C. McGee, Company K, March 25, 1899, Mariquina road.

Corporal John Connelly, Company K, March 25, 1899, Mariquina road.

Private L. A. Porter, Company I, March 25, 1899, Mariquina road.

Private Allen A. Grimes, Company I, March 25, 1899, Mariquina road.

Private Fred K. Ekman, Company I, March 25, 1899, Mariquina road.

Corporal Edward B. McInnis, Company I, March 25, 1899, Mariquina road.

Private Bert Parsons, Company C, March 25, 1899, Mariquina road.

Private Arnold Arneson, Company C, March 25, 1899, Mariquina road.

Private Andrew Martinson, Company A, March 25, 1899, Mariquina road.

Private John F. Whalen, Company K, March 25, 1899, Mariquina road.

Private Andrew J. Weidle, Company H, Feb. 26, 1899, Caloocan.

Private Wm. C. Fitch, Company D, Feb. 11, 1899, Malabon.

Private James Hartley, Company D, Feb. 11, 1899, Malabon.

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Private Benjamin Ohman, Company L, Feb. 10, 1899, Caloocan.

Private George W. Baker, Company G, Feb. 23, 1899, Tondo.

Private Oscar Fryckman, Company M, Feb. 23, 1899, Tondo.

Private E. J. Fehr, Company M, Feb. 23, 1899, Tondo.

Private H. H. Hillmann, Company D, Feb. 22, 1899, Binondo.

Private John Hartfield, Company D, Feb. 22, 1899, Binondo.

Private M. G. Grinnell, Company D, Feb. 22, 1899, Binondo.

Private Ira B. Smith, Company C, Feb. 23, 1899, Tondo.

Private George S. Woodring, Company C, Feb. 23, 1899, Tondo.

Private Thomas. F. Galvin, Company C, Feb. 23, 1899, Tondo.

Sergeant George K. Sheppard, Company C, Feb. 23, 1899, Tondo.

Captain N. C. Robinson, Company C, Feb. 23, 1899, Tondo.

Private Louis Ulmer, Company L, Aug. 13, 1898, Manila.

Sergeant Price, Company E, Nov. 18, 1898, Binondo.

Corporal Wm. Montgomery, Company E, Nov. 18, 1898, Binondo.

Private Fred Paddleford, Company G, Feb. 5, 1899, Manila.

Private Charles J. Meggison, Company B, April 11, 1899, Guiguinto.

Private Charles F. Brackett, Company B, April 11, 1899, Guiguinto.

Private John A. Heenan, Company B, April 12, 1899, Guiguinto.

Private Wm. J. Obiele, Company B, April 11, 1899, Guiguinto.

Corporal W. A. Ryberg, Company I, April 10, 1899, Bocaue.

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Missing of the Thirteenth

Pvt. Joseph Walsh, Caloocan, P. I., June 9, 1899.
Pvt. Wm. J. Worthington, Marilon, P. I., June 7, 1899.
Pvt. Robert Burns, Honolulu, H. I., Aug. 10, 1898.

Eighth Army Corps Poetry

The following poetry, written by Eighth Army Corps soldiers, expresses the sentiments of the time very vividly.

THE VOLUNTEER.

Let poets sing the many joys all caused by Cupid's dart,
Let those who may declare the praise of Science and of Art,
Of all the many pleasures great which fill this earthly Sphere,
It was the acme of my bliss to be a Volunteer.

"To arms! To arms!" the country cries, and quick he heeds the call!
To rally round the Stars and Stripes he hies him great and small,
To plant the flag on foreign shores, and travel o'er the sea,
While others stay behind and yell: "Just give them hell for me."

He's off, and o'er the briny deep the stately vessel spins,
Gone, alas, his noble dreams, and now the fun begins,
So grave and serious he finds the charge he has to keep,

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That all else that his system holds he empties in the deep.

For many weary days and nights he travels o'er the brine,
By day, he's cooped up on the deck, scorched by the bright sunshine,
By night, within his little bunk he's forced to lie and smother,
Still patiently he grits his teeth and thinks of home and mother!

'Tis now he finds how sweet it is to live a soldier's life,
He's wakened up at early dawn by the bugle, drum and fife,
He nimbly runs upstairs on deck, expecting to remain,
But scarce a moment passes ere he's ordered down again!

He finds that military life, alas, is far from sweet,
His only joy is when he dreams he gets enough to eat,
And if a storm should strike the ship, or some slight wind should swerve her,
He madly rushes round the deck and grabs a life preserver!

On land the story is the same, no rest his soul can gain;
He celebrates the wee small hours by fighting in the rain,
By day, wrapped up in flannel suits, he sits around and sweats,
And makes out requisitions for light clothes he never gets!

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So lives our noble Volunteer! and when the war is o'er
And once again he sets his feet on old Columbia's shore,
He finds he's habit's creature, he has lost all sense and tact,
And shocks his friends by showing that he don't know how to act.

If to assuage his thirst he now should wander to the bar
He practices a little trick he's brought back from afar:
He drinks his beer, then at the man he slowly winks his eye;
The while he seeks the door and says "Denero" bye and bye!

And gone are his domestic tastes; his bed he seeks no more,
He breaks his poor old mother's heart by sleeping on the floor;
He calls his sister "Moocher"; his manners are the worst,
And when he hears the dinner bell he yells: "What squad eats first?"

Oh, all may sing the glory great of being a Volunteer!
But when again the Country calls, we'll all be deaf, I fear;
We'll climb upon the street car roof, the suckers for to see,
And as they pass we, too, will yell: "Just give them hell for me!"

O. H. FERNBACK,
1st California, U. S. V.

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IN MANILA, 1998

Through the streets of old Manila
  Aimlessly one day I strode,
Till I bumped against a figure
  Standing silent in the road,
Such an odd, ungainly figure
  That I quickly staggered back,
Thinking that it was a spirit
  And I'd run across its track.

On his head he wore a helmet,
  Rather doubtful as to hue,
On his legs some battered leggings,
  And his coat was once a blue,
On his shoulder was a musket,
  Rusted with the rust of years
Like himself, this apparition
  Greatly served to rouse my fears.

"What the dickens are you?" asked I,
  And my breath came quick and short.
He, then, out of force of habit,
  Brought his rifle to the port.
"You remember, then," he answered,
  "Just a hundred years ago
There was trouble with the Spaniards,
  'Twas about the Maine, you know.

Then I left home for Manila
  With more U. S. Volunteers;
We were numbered several thousand,
  All enlisted for two years.
Oh! the others? They are sleeping
  In the ancient churchyard here,

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Far from home and loving kindred
And their native country dear.

Some were stricken by diseases,
Victims of the fever's rage;
Some were smitten by the smallpox,
Others died of ripe old age;
I'm the last of all those thousands,
Through this place I still must roam,
Waiting for expected orders,
Welcome orders to go home!"

W. O'CONNELL McGEEHAN,
1st California, U. S. V.

THE ARMY.

I went into a recruiting place,
The officer in charge, looked me square in the face;
He said, "Young man, do you want to enlist?
If so, please take off your pants, coat and vest."
A quack army doctor examined my frame,
He pounded my chest until I was lame;
Now, if I get a chance I will cave in his brain,
And he won't prescribe pills any more.

Chorus—

In the Army, the Army,
They call you a rookey and feed you on soupey,
In the Army, the Army.

We have pork and beans three times a day,
My friends, I tell you I'd rather eat hay;
We drill for four hours every day,
It's too much drilling for such small pay;

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You leave your tent open and when you get back
You're minus a blanket and haversack,
You can call me a lobster when I get back,
If I go in the army again.

Chorus—

In the Army, the Army,
If you miss reveille from oversleep,
They will give you two days as kitchen police,
In the Army, the Army.

On the first of May, in Manila Bay,
Dewey and Montejo played philopena, they say;
It was yes or no for a present grand,
Dewey he lost, paid his debt like a man;
The present he gave Montejo was shot and shell,
He blew the Don's fleet straight to h—l;
If the Germans get gay, he will whip them as well,
Or any other nation on earth.

Chorus—

Manila, Manila,
Where the scrappy Fourteenth is always on hand,
They will fight until they lose their last man,
In Manila, Manila.

Now that we're here, we must obey,
What "Shoulder Straps" and "Non-Coms" say;
But such is life, so what can you do?
They know that they have the bulge on you.
Just wait till we're free from the government yoke,
We can tell them to go where there's plenty of smoke,

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It's then we'll get even, and that's no joke,
Their stripes will not bother us then.

Chorus—

In America, America,
Where everybody has a fair show,
You don't need a pass to go to and fro,
In America, America.

EDWARD THORMANN,
14th Infantry, U. S. A.

ON THE DECKS OF THE PEKING.

Round our floating palace dwelling wash the wild waves,
Above us, exist air and ozone free,
But that is all we get upon the Peking,
And we've yet a month to spend upon the sea.
When on the deck we sit and think of 'Frisco,
Of the happy homes we all have left behind,
Within our breasts arise the sorest feelings,
For we're treated worse than felons low confined.

Chorus—

O, it may be well to shout of volunteering,
And go marching down the street to drum and fife,
But this death by slow starvation's quite annoying,
And we'd enlist again—not on your life!

On the spar deck we assembled every morning,
After spending all the night in Turkish bath;
To each man they give a biscuit and some coffee,
That would make a starving dog rise up in wrath.
The Majors and the Captains live on dainties,
Served by flunkies in the dining hall below,
While we poor suckers live on hog and glory,—

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Those who grabbed their guns have got to swallow crow.

We thought when we our good right hand uplifted,
And swore to take the treacherous Dons to task,
That to each man at least there would be given
Enough to eat—that's all we want and ask;
We would not kick if grub could not be gotten,
But it's everywhere around us boxed up tight,
And it makes us sore to live on what we're given,
With so much to eat aboard and within sight.

E. B. LENHART,
1st California, U. S. V.

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER.

On Sept. 16, 1898, was printed on the "El España" press at Calle San Juan De Letra, No. 1, Vol. 1, of the "American Soldier," the first American newspaper printed in the Philippines. The editor wrote out the articles and the native typesetters followed them letter by letter, as they could not spell the words. G. A. Smith, Company C, Thirteenth Minnesota, was the first editor, and had associated with him L. D. Bruckhart, of Company M, and a soldier from the Utah Artillery.

EXTRACTS FROM THE MANILA "FREEDOM."

Printed Feb. 18, 1899.

We have contended from the outset that the Thirteenth Minnesota Regiment is as much responsible for the victories of the Eighth Army Corps as any other regiment in the field. To the lot of the men

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who make up this regiment has fallen the task of protecting the non-combatants here in the city. While to the shallow-brained, it may not seem that their post is as dangerous, and that consequently their chances of achieving glory are not as great as would be, had they been sent to the front and some other organization been given the work of guarding Manila; on the contrary, their post is not only a dangerous one; it is one that requires a great deal of intelligent courage to successfully hold, and is second to none in importance.

Recent developments have demonstrated how important a post theirs is, and had they not remained true to the responsibilities devolving upon them, these quiet streets would have, ere this, been the scene of most bloody and terrible work, in which the weak and defenseless would have been the main sufferers.

Many of our Minnesota friends, being imbued with that spirit of bravery and love of country that has characterized the American soldier from the start, have lost sight of their own very responsible work here in the city, and have gone, and, in a number of cases without leave, to the front, to lend a helping hand there. This, of course, was a mistake, but one that reflects a great deal of credit and no dishonor upon them. It is no light thing for a soldier of "Old Glory" to remain in the city where, on the surface, everything seems quiet, and hear the rattle of rifles and the boom of guns in the distance, and know that brave comrades are fighting and dying in the same cause he represents; and as we have said before, it requires a cool-headed, intelligent courage, such as the Minnesotas possess, to successfully hold such a post.

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SAN FRANCISCO CALL'S REMARKS.

The San Francisco Call said:

"A well merited tribute to the good discipline of the regiment was its selection for provost duty in the city of Manila when the attitude of the Filipinos began to indicate trouble. * * * They were employed on that duty under direction of Gen. Hughes when the outbreak came on the night of February 4, and in the trying scenes of the three days and nights that followed proved themselves tactful, vigilant and brave."

HONOLULU BULLETIN'S REMARKS.

Writing about the drills the boys gave at Honolulu, the "Honolulu Bulletin" said:

"The Minnesotas' battalion and regimental evolutions were a revelation, and will doubtless serve as a valuable object lesson to the National Guard of Honolulu, whose officers were present."

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE'S REMARKS.

From the San Francisco Chronicle concerning the Minnesota regiment:

"Once more have the watchers at Point Reyes espied in the fog-dimmed ocean waste a solitary ship, which, pounding towards the shore, has set her story at the masthead—a transport pennant, that tells of mortal conflict in another land. Once again the strong-lunged sirens along the water front have raised their shrill voices in welcome; once more have the puffing tugs passed out to greet the storm-tossed guest, and soon again the streets of San Francisco will echo with the tread of marching hosts, moving

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this time in their last camping ground. And so, once again, it is a story of the beginning of the end.

"At 6 o'clock last night the United States army transport Sheridan, from Manila via Nagasaki and Yokohama, and bearing the South Dakota and Minnesota troops came up the bay and anchored off Angel island. * * * But the part which the Thirteenth Minnesota took in the early engagements about Manila is both well known and deeply impressed upon the memory of every American. The deeds of this valiant regiment are destined to live after it.

"Tried by fire and subjected to the countless hardships which the peculiar climatic conditions of the islands bring to those from a cooler country, the Minnesota troops served nobly and well and made a splendid record among the actively engaged regiments. On numerous occasions the brunt of battle fell upon them, and with sturdy determination they fought until they won the highest praise of those in command, and became a terror to the hostile natives."

A PORTLAND REPORT.

SAME AS OUR OWN.

Hearty Welcome to Thirteenth Minnesota.—Portland Makes a Holiday of It.

Enthusiastic Greeting at the Union Station, Along Line of March and at the Armory.

It was like when "our boys" came home yesterday, and it was "our" boys, for Portland takes as much pride in the achievements of the gallant Thirteenth Minnesota as can any people, save possibly the home friends. If there was a heart in the city that did not

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thrill and throb with renewed patriotism as the stalwart sons of the far northern state marched along the streets, it is yet to be heard from. Minnesotans were wildly received, cordially entertained, comfortably fed. The city of Portland was theirs. Mayor Storey told them they could have anything here—except the Red Cross Society. That is a Portland institution that cannot be parted with. It is feared that the mayor, in his prodigality, has given away a thousand hearts, with as many fair owners, for those big Minnesota soldiers are fine-looking fellows, and as affable as they are valiant.

"Fourth of July," "Just like a holiday," "People think as much of them as their own boys," and numerous other expressions were common. A great throng was out to greet the soldiers, and how they cheered and clapped! The demonstration began as soon as the three sections of the train entered the East Side. It swelled into a tumult when they rolled into the depot, where there was a long line of the Second Oregon boys to greet the visitors. It was a hubbub and roar when the 1,000 Minnesotans gathered about the fine spread of the Red Cross in the Armory, where they were waited upon by a great throng of fair women and willing men.

At Union Station.

Before 11:40, the hour for assembly, groups began to saunter in and around, with an expectant look on their faces. One might have asked them if they were going to inherit a fortune within the next few hours, they looked so pleased. Then came quite a number of men and women wearing those red badges with the word "Minnesota" on them. They were restless, happy and eager for something. Some boys in khaki uniforms came next, who talked

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about Minnesota fighters and Tondo and Marilao, Santa Maria, Norzagaray, Angat, Maasin and other peculiar places. By 1 o'clock the crowd was very large, and a half hour later every place around the depot was filled. Even the windows upstairs had occupants. Bennett's band was out in force. By 1:30, this crowd, mixed as it was, was at fever heat. They had watched the khaki uniformed boys line up, respond to stirring bugle calls, joke about things that happened during the war, and this crowd seemed to have been inoculated with some sort of spirit.

When the train with Minnesota boys came in, soldiers on the cowcatcher, engine, cab, coaches and platform, that crowd simply forgot itself. They just reached into the air with hats, handkerchiefs and canes, and yelled.

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